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CONTENTS

Portrait of Martha Jefferson Randolph.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON and the LADIES." An address delivered to the Augusta County Historical Society by Mr. James A. Bear, Jr., Curator of Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, in the Fellowship Hall of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Waynesboro, Virginia, May 13, 1970.

AUGUSTA COUNTY'S PIONEER MISSIONARY to AFRICA.

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"WHEATLANDS." Home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr.
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Portrait of Martha Jefferson Randolph
By Thomas Sully from life in 1836

(Photo courtesy of Thomas Jefferson Foundation)

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE LADIES

An Address by Mr. James A. Bear, Jr.

Neatly inscribed on a page of Thomas Jefferson's Memorandum Book for 1770 is this line of verse:¹

Entrust a ship to the winds, do not entrust your heart
to girls.

This verse reflects an individual unlucky in love and characterizes the early years of Jefferson's manhood.

But like many other young misogynists he recanted and even rejoiced in his defeat. It is his association with women and his view of them in the social *milieu* that I propose to examine this evening.

Unlike many of us Jefferson saw women chiefly as interesting, dangerous and even potentially explosive creatures in his social world. He wrote concerning this, their children, dress, economy, education, homelife, marriage, as office-holders and prospective day laborers.² His personal view meandered from a youthful shyness to a middle-aged person actively seeking feminine companionship. One might consider his basic stance as old fashioned and his general opinion of women stilted and conventional.³

It might be well at this point to single out those ladies with whom he was closely associated. The list is not long and when considered by those standards of contemporaries is unimpressive.

¹ Thomas Jefferson (hereafter cited as TJ) Memorandum Books 1767-1770 is in the Library of Congress the loan of Mr. Robert Kean of Alexandria, Va.

² See Edwin M. Betts and James A. Bear, Jr., *The Family Letters of Thomas Jefferson* (Columbia, Mo., 1966). This is the best source of Jefferson and his family circle. The work cited hereafter as *Family Letters*.

³ There is no specific treatment on the subject of Jefferson and women, however, see Dumas Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian* (Boston, 1948) p. 81-84, 86-87, 153-155, 156-160 and Malone, *Jefferson and the Rights of Man* (Boston, 1951) p. 70-81, 138-39; Bernard Bailyn, "Boyd's Jefferson: Notes for a Sketch," *The New England Quarterly Review* (Sept. 1960) XXXII, p. 380-400; Winthrop D. Jordan, *White Over Black* (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1968) p. 461-68 and John P. Foley, editor, *The Jeffersonian Cyclopedic* (New York, 1900) paragraphs 6134, 9159-9170.

His first sweetheart was Rebecca Burwell. Then there was "Betsey" Walker of the much discussed "Walker Affair." She was followed by his wife, the former Martha Wayles Skelton. And after her death in 1782, came the last of his lady friends, Maria Cosway.⁴

Perhaps his most constant female friend was his older daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph, or Patsy, as he called her. She was seldom far removed from him, even after her marriage to a third cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph in 1790. She appears to have become Randolph's wife, but remained to all intents and purposes her father's daughter, a role which I do not believe Jefferson ever realized his daughter was playing.⁵

I have failed to include his mother, Jane Randolph Jefferson, or Mrs. Peter, who as far as I can ascertain occupied no special place in his head or heart. She might be summarily dismissed as part of the team that brought him into the world.⁶

There may have been other lady friends, but they were so transitory as to have escaped public notice. But such a conclusion is very doubtful.

His youthful correspondence (he was 20 years of age) when John Page reveals him as a shy and unsure suitor in his pursuit of the sixteen year old Miss Burwell—the "Fair Belinda" of these letters. This passage from one is typical of the adolescent chit-chat of his first and scarcely whole-hearted courtship.⁷

How goes R.B.? What do you think of my affair, or what would you advise me to do? Had I better stay here [Shadwell] and do nothing, or go down [Williamsburg] and do less.

⁴ These episodes may be easily followed in any of the standard biographies by Malone, Marie Kimball, Nathan Schachner, Bernard Mayo and Merrill D. Peterson.

⁵ This relationship can be examined best in the correspondence in the *Family Letters*. William H. Gaines, Jr., *Thomas Mann Randolph, Jefferson's Son-in-Law* (Baton Rouge, La., 1966) is the best account of Randolph.

⁶ Surviving manuscripts reveal nothing relating to TJ's relationship or attachment for either of his parents.

⁷ Julian P. Boyd, and others, editors, *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* (Princeton, 1950) I, p. 5, 6n, 7, 9-11, 13-14 is the best source for the Burwell-Jefferson courtship. The quote is from the 20 Jan. 1763 letter (source cited hereafter as) *Papers* I, p. 7. TJ was twenty at the time.

Suffice it is to say that this half-hearted approach did not win the fair lady, who looked elsewhere and found in Jacquelin Ambler a more aggressive and persuasive suitor.⁸

Still not a romantic success at twenty-five, Jefferson experienced the "Walker Affair." Mrs. John Walker, a granddaughter of Governor Spotswood, was married to Jack Walker, a close friend and an Albemarle County neighbor. In fact, Jefferson had been an attendant in their wedding.

The "affair" such as it was, took place in 1768 while Jack Walker was on the frontier on state business. From all accounts Jefferson made several advances, each singularly unsuccessful. He wrote of them many years later:

I plead guilty that when young and single I offered love to a handsome lady. I acknowledge its incorrectness.

His advances may have been so bumbling and inconsequential that the lady was not particularly incensed, for it was not until two decades later that Mrs. Walker found it necessary to tell her husband. By that time, Jefferson had other interests and Betsey Walker was still not interested.⁹

There were recriminations, but nothing serious ever came of the episode which did not reach the public eye until Jefferson's second presidential candidacy in 1804 when it became a noisy scandal promoted by the vicious James T. Callender.¹⁰

The outraged husband wrote of it fifteen years later as a disgusting event, but his report bears all the marks of his gross and wilful exaggeration.

Mrs. Walker's resume suggested none of this.¹¹

Jefferson undoubtedly erred here and possibly other times in his youth, but this sensitive young man simply could not be forward with women. The awkward maneuvers reported by Mrs. Walker, indicate, that amorously motivated pursuit of the ladies was not and probably would not be one of his many talents.

⁸ She married Jacquelin Ambler of Yorktown in 1764.

⁹ Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian*, p. 153-55 and 447-51 has the best account of the "Walker Affair." Quote is from p. 448.

¹⁰ A Scotch immigrant whom TJ befriended, but who later turned against him for his failure to name him postmaster to Richmond, Va. Callender was a notorious scandal-monger who gave wide circulation to this affair as well as the alleged "Black Sal" story. See Charles a Jellison, "That Scoundrel Callender," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* (July, 1959) LXVII, p. 295-306.

¹¹ Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian*, p. 447-51.

Jefferson was not attracted again until he met the Widow Skelton, four years later. This meeting certainly took place in Williamsburg, where the attractive young widow had come for the season and he for business reasons. By autumn of 1770 they were no doubt well acquainted and before December, he was visiting her at *The Forest*, her Charles City County home, and without question he was there regularly the next year.¹²

The red-headed Virginian was no longer a bashful student but a remarkably successful attorney and public servant. If not a man of the world (which he would soon be), he was certainly a most correct and eligible gentleman. As such he regularly gave "vales" (his term for tipping) to the domestic help and conducted himself in a gallant manner.¹³ He went so far as to enquire about his right to arms, but later dismissed this with a phrase from his favored Lawrence Sterne that a coat of arms could be had as cheap as any other coat.¹⁴

Descriptions of Mrs. Skelton are rare and there are none contemporary with this courtship, but a composite one might read like this. She was not tall, had a slight though well proportioned figure, large hazel eyes and dark (possibly auburn) hair. Perhaps her reported gaiety of spirit attracted the serious mien of her suitor. Gentle and accomplished people, male or female, always appealed to him and clearly the Widow Skelton fit this requirement.¹⁵

She was also pretty, and her love of music led to a special bond. Jefferson played the violin and she the spinet. Tradition says that music provided the accompaniment for his courtship, and rivals for her hand are said to have given up after hearing them play and sing.¹⁶ If rivals were overly impressed with her

¹² *Ibid.* p. 153, 159-60. For the frequency of his visits and the size of his "vales" see the Memorandum Books, 1767-1770 and 1771.

¹³ Complete typescript copies are in the research files at Monticello.

¹⁴ TJ To Thomas Adams, 20 Feb. 1771, *Papers* I, p. 62. TJ appears not to have pursued the search any further. There are arms ascribed to him by Sarah Nicholas Randolph, *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson* (New York, 1871) which appear on the spine of this volume.

¹⁵ There is no known delineation of Martha Wayles Jefferson and the descriptions of her are unsatisfactory. The composite one is from Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian*, p. 156-59; 397; Henry S. Randall, *The Life of Thomas Jefferson* (New York, 1858) I, p. 63-4 and Randolph, *Domestic Life* p. 43-4.

¹⁶ Marie Kimball, *Jefferson: The Road to Glory* (New York, 1943) p. 174 and Randall, *Life of Jefferson*, I, p. 64.

playing, Jefferson was not, for soon after their marriage he secured the services of a music master for her.¹⁷

As a twenty-nine year old bridegroom Jefferson retained his elevated and conventional attitude toward the ladies. Dumas Malone, his ablest biographer, concludes that despite himself, his courtship and marriage with Mrs. Skelton was a real romance. He was in love for the first time. The ten years following their January 1, 1772 wedding were the happiest of his life, for now he was perfectly content at Monticello where he and family found great satisfaction in pursuing domestic, literary, musical and agricultural endeavors. This near perfect existence was shattered by Mrs. Jefferson's death, at 11:45 A. M., September 6, 1782, from complications produced by the birth of Lucy Jefferson, their sixth child in ten years. She was by Jefferson's notations in his Prayer Book: 33 years, 10 months and 8 days of age.¹⁸

This tragedy reminds one of Emerson's letter to Carlyle telling of the death of his five year old Waldo.¹⁹

You can never sympathize with me . . . a few weeks ago I counted myself a rich man and now the poorest of all.

One sees Jefferson's grief tinged with more than a modicum of self-pity.

Let us look at this melancholy event and review its several consequences.

Immediately after his wife's passing, the distraught widower was led from the chamber in an inchoate state. It is reported that he then fainted dead away and was only revived with difficulty.

Intercourse with the household was limited for the next several weeks for he kept to his room where he paced both day

¹⁷ See "Fee Book—John Wayles esq. in Account with Th. Jefferson" Henry Huntington Library, San Marino, California. The entry reads: "1772 July 13. By pd. Wm. Allegre 2 years teaching Mrs. Jefferson on the Spinet 12-0-0." The following is probably for the same thing: ". . . By pd. Frederic Victor for teaching do. [no amount noted]. It is also believed that Francis Alberti who taught TJ the violin also gave Mrs. Jefferson lessons. See Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian*, p. 159.

¹⁸ *Thomas Jefferson's Prayer Book* [Charlottesville, Va., n.d.]. This consists of twelve pages in facsimile from TJ's Prayer Book. Original is in the Alderman Library, University of Virginia.

¹⁹ Joseph Slater, Editor, *Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle*. New York, 1964, p. 317.

and night. Only extreme exhaustion caused him to seek his pallet. His constant companion was Martha, then but ten years of age. Why he eschewed the family adults is not known. They were there in force, namely Mrs. Carr, another sister Mrs. Marks and even his wife's favored half-sister, the much loved Mrs. Francis Eppes.²⁰

Martha's bond with her father which most assuredly sprang from this association, grew to be so strong that the advent of a husband never displaced him in her heart. If one peruses their correspondence, it is difficult at some stages to fathom whether she was a lover or daughter. His letters to her do not reflect this posture.²¹ In any case Martha was extremely possessive of

Their correspondence can best be reviewed in *Family Letters*. her father.

For example in 1809, when he proposed that Mrs. Marks come to Monticello as housekeeper, Martha was incensed and put her foot down with great feeling. She wrote of her father's proposition.²²

I shall devote myself to it with feelings which I never could have in my own affairs. And with what tenderness of affection we will wait upon and cherish you.

His bond with her was equally strong and there was never any real chance of her being displaced by a third party. Martha and her ready made family fulfilled his every need — save whatever physical ones he may have had.

²⁰ Randall, *Jefferson*, I, p. 382 reports Martha's account of the aftermath of her mother's death. See also Malone, *Jefferson the Virginian*, p. 396-98.

²¹ Martha's letter to her father of 31 May 1804 perhaps points out her feelings for him. "No appology can be necessary for writing lengthily to me about yourself. I hope you are not yet to learn that no subject on earth *is or ever can be* so dear and interesting to me. I speak so entirely without an exception that I do not hesitate to declare if my other duties could possibly interfere with my devotion to you I should not feel a scruple in sacrificing them, to a sentiment which has literally 'grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength,' and which no subsequent attachment has in the smallest degree weakened. It is truly the happiness of my life to think that I can dedicate the remainder of it to promote yours. It is a subject however upon which I ought never to write for no pen on earth can do justice to the feelings of my heart." *Family Letters* p. 260. Martha was thirty-four at this time and the mother of five children and as soon as nature permitted six more would be added.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 388.

Eppes, about the proposed marriage of Wayles' son and his grandson that the consequences of early marriages leads only to interrupted schooling and houses filled with children.⁴⁰

On this same subject he wrote James Monroe, whose younger brother had married very early:⁴¹ "I fear," he said, "he will hardly persevere in his education, as matrimony illy agrees with study, especially in the first stages of both. However, you will readily perceive that *the* thing being done, there is now but one question, that is to make the most of it."

Commenting further on "man's most noble estate," he informed Philip Mazzei that it was customary in America to wish joy to newly married couples, and this was generally done by those after the ceremony. Jefferson then wryly noted that he had a friend who "always delayed the wish of joy till one year after the ceremony because he observed they had *by that time* need of it."⁴²

Jefferson was at his best when advising the female members of his household about their study habits and expected achievements and the pitfalls and pleasures of married life.

I suspect that he began with his wife but of this we know little but we do know Jefferson, and it seems safe to assume that while they lived at Monticello he wound the clocks, made the menus, saw to the training of the cooks, designed the curtains and doubtless gave instructions on how and when to burp the babies.

One is overwhelmed if one looks, even briefly, at the directions and levels of accomplishment that he set for his children. To his eleven year old Martha, a capable but in no wise brilliant student, then attending school in Philadelphia, he sent this schedule which had been drawn with no apparent appreciation of her age or abilities.⁴³

With respect to the distribution of your **time** the following is what I should approve.

From 8 to 10 practice music

10 to 1 dance one day and draw another

1 to 2 draw the day you dance, and write a letter the next.

⁴⁰ 20 July 1822, Jefferson Papers, University of Virginia.

⁴¹ 17 Apr. 1791. P. L. Ford, *Jefferson Writings* V, p. 317-18.

⁴² 17 Mar. 1801. *Ibid.* VIII, p. 15.

⁴³ 28 Nov. 1783. *Family Letters*, p. 19.

3 to 4 read French.

4 to 5 exercise yourself in music.

5 to bedtime read English, write etc.

He becomes so carried away with himself that he neglected to either include a lunch or dinner period.

In this letter Jefferson had neglected to advise Martha on the subject of her dress, which he did in a subsequent one.⁴⁴

I do not wish you to be gayly clothed at this time of life (Age 11), but that what you wear should be fine of it's kind: but above all things, and at all times let your clothes be clean, whole, and properly put on . . . I hope therefore the moment you arise from bed, your first work will be to dress yourself in such a stile as that you may be seen by any gentleman without his being able to discover a pin amiss, or any other circumstance of neatness wanting.

Following this regimen her father concluded with this sound advice:⁴⁵

Write . . . one letter every week (he was a firm believer that this was the initial step in learning self-expression) . . . take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write, consider how it is spelt, and if you do not remember, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished, and no distress which this world can now bring on me could equal that of your disappointing my hopes.

At least, all of us fathers have a common meeting ground with the great man — the expected accomplishments and subsequent disappointments of our offspring.

I suspect that Jefferson took more pains to warn his daughters about the pitfalls of *ennui* and perils of indolence than about any other subject. Time was one's most valuable commodity and he seldom missed an opportunity to apprise his family of this fact. This is a typical exhortation:⁴⁶

In the country life of America there are many moments when a woman can have recourse to nothing but her

needle for employment. In a dull company and in dull weather for instance, it is ill manners to read; and it is ill manners to leave them: no card playing there among genteel people: that is abandoned to blackguards. The needle is then a valuable resource. Besides without knowing how to use it herself, how can the mistress of a family direct the work of her servants?

Mary, the younger child, had few of the scholarly attributes her father would have endowed her with. She was a pretty, easy going little girl who never remembered her father's stern instructions regarding her studies. Nevertheless, Mary was the recipient of similar directions and exhortations as was her sister. From time to time she received questions which she was charged to answer forthwith. This letter sent her at the age of twelve is typical.⁴⁷

Tell me whether you see the sun rise every day? How many pages in Don Quixote do you read? How many hours a day do you sew? Do you keep up your music? Do you know how to make a pudding, cut out a beef steak, sow spinach or set a hen: Tell me all of this in a letter.

Jefferson obviously was attempting to establish in Mary, as he had with her sister, a regimen of occupation and improvement quite in keeping with his own version of interesting employment, but doubtless appalling to those so young.

After a lapse of two months Mary answered. Her letter is amusing and we can wonder just how much discomfiture it caused her father.⁴⁸

I am afraid you will be displeased . . . she wrote, that I have been traveling . . . and the dictionary is too large to go into the pocket of the chariot, nor have I yet had an opportunity of continuing my music. I am now reading Robertson's America (William Robertson, *History of America*, 4 vols.). I thank you for the advice you were so kind as to give me and I will try to follow it.

These little girls grew up as girls will, they married and had children of their own, but still the advice flowed from Pappa's pen. Mary, a bride of several months, was reminded:⁴⁹

⁴⁴ 22 Dec. 1783. *Ibid.* p. 22.

⁴⁵ 28 Nov. 1783. *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁴⁶ 28 Mar. 1787. *Ibid.*, p. 35.

⁴⁷ 11 Apr. 1790. *Ibid.*, p. 52.

⁴⁸ 25 Apr. 1790. *Ibid.*, p. 53.

⁴⁹ 1 Jan. 1790. *Ibid.*, p. 53.

The novelty of setting up housekeeping will, with all its difficulties, make you happy for a while. Its delights, however, will pass away in time.

Following the natural sequence, Jefferson acknowledged Martha's announcement of the birth of her first child.⁵⁰

Your last letters are those which have given me the greatest pleasure . . . the one . . . that you were become a notable housewife, the other a mother. The last is undoubtedly the keystone arch of matrimonial happiness, as the first is its daily ailment.

Advice to both daughters on how to get along with one's husband is so pointed that I am going to assume the prerogative of reading the better part of the letter.⁵¹

Harmony in the marriage state is the very first object to be arrived at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other as of more value than any object whatever. The husband finds his affections wearied out by a constant string of little checks and obstacles.

Other sources of discontent, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation, a disposition to criticize and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong and especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better . . . if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant: and if important let it pass for the present, and wait for a softer moment and a more conciliatory occasion of revising the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

In summarizing let me say that Jefferson was shy, not aggressive and possibly gauche as a youth of twenty. As he aged, he changed. Now he found the company of women necessary,

⁵⁰ Anne Cary Randolph was born at Monticello 23 Jan. 1791. The letter was written 9 Feb. 1791. *Ibid.*, p. 71.

⁵¹ To Mary Jefferson, 7 Jan. 1798. *Ibid.*, p. 151-52.

How these were met, if indeed they were at this time, is a moot question and one that may never be satisfactorily explained. Some claim that he sought them in the slave cabins, but of this there is no real fire despite the prevalence of some smoke.²³

I have the feeling that Jefferson looked at sex as he did many other things, it must have a utilitarian purpose and as such ought to be confined to the marriage bed.

Because of his impenetrable silence about his wife we shall never know as much about her as we would like.²⁴ Her death, however, produced a second result. It influenced his return to public life.²⁵

It was while in pursuit of this, as Minister to France, that at forty-three years of age he fell in love for the second and last time.

The object of his affections was the beautiful and talented Mrs. Maria Hadfield Cosway, wife of Richard, the able British portraitist. They met sometime between the 1st and 15th of August, 1786, in one of the fashionable Paris *salons*, frequented chiefly by the Anglo-French *bon homerie* of which the Cosways were leading members. There is little doubt that he was in love by September.²⁶ Julian Boyd, a leading Jefferson scholar, plays this conclusion down by concluding that Maria had unquestionably captivated him, but only momentarily.²⁷

Who was this creature? She was no vain lady of fashion such as Jefferson despised, but a lovely, essentially domestic soul who enjoyed fussing over the red-headed Virginian and who obviously was much flattered by his attentions.

Though of English background, Maria had been born in Italy where she had become highly accomplished in music and

²³ This miscegenation story is a highly complex one and filled with suppositions that cannot be proved, or, for that matter, be disproved. There is no satisfactory treatment of it but for a suitable summaries see Jordan, *Black Over White* p. 466-67 and Merrill D. Peterson, *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind* (New York 1960) p. 181-87.

²⁴ It is thought TJ destroyed all his wife's correspondence after her death.

²⁵ TJ was named in 1784 as special emissary to negotiate with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin treaties of Amity and Commerce with as many European states as possible. When Franklin retired as Minister to the Court of Louis XVI, TJ assumed the post where he served until late 1789.

²⁶ Malone, *Jefferson and the Rights of Man*, p. 70-5 and Kimball, *Jefferson: The Scene of Europe* p. 160-83 relate the Cosway affair in detail.

²⁷ *Papers X*, p. 453n.

art. She also commanded a melange of languages but preferred the Italian. At twenty-three she possessed a trim figure, accentuated by a graceful carriage and her head was covered with a mass of golden curls. Her eyes were blue. As an intellectual she was suspended somewhat below her beau, but this was not a matter of moment at first.²⁸

Thus it might be claimed that this philosophical man, who yearned for female companionship far more than he realized, was easily swept off his feet.

In the month, or more, that followed, the tall Virginian saw or heard something beautiful with Maria each day. It cannot be deduced from existing records how often they went alone, but we do know they saw the Pont de Neuilly, the Louvre, the Rainbows of the Machine de Marly and other 18th century sights. They went likewise to the King's Library and enjoyed the Italian comedy and concerts *spirituel*. She was not bookish, nor was she as light-headed as some have claimed. Perhaps the most important segment of his attraction was her love and broad knowledge of music.²⁹

If Jefferson thought her physically attractive, he never wrote of it. It is obvious that he found her appealing, charming and even a little capricious. Illicit love-making was generally condoned in Parisian society of the 1780's, but if he, as a widower, ever engaged in it this was the time. But this is again doubted. For Jefferson, a revolutionary puritan and recent widower, sexual promiscuity was the ultimate corruption.

This delicious interlude came to a rude end after his fall in the *Cours la Reine*, then a short distance from the Place de la Concorde. Here he severely injured his right wrist. Some detractors say that he was too ardent and she too adroit, which caused him to slip, fall and injure his right wrist.³⁰

It is actually believed that he attempted to leap over a small fence. Marie Kimball, a biographer, citing a contemporary source says it was a large kettle.³¹ Jefferson only revealed "that how the right hand became disabled would be too long a story

²⁸ Malone, *Jefferson and the Rights of Man*, p. 70-5 and Kimball, *Jefferson: The Scene of Europe* p. 160-83.

²⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁰ L. H. Butterfield and Howard C. Rice, "Jefferson Earliest Note to Maria Cosway with Some New Facts and Conjectures on His Broken Wrist," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd Series, (1948) V, p. 26-33.

³¹ Kimball, *Jefferson: The Scene of Europe*, p. 168.

for the left to tell. It was by one of those follies from which good cannot come, but ill may."³²

Malone summarizes his fling at unconventionality by concluding his injury dictated a return to normalcy.³³ Jefferson himself broke off the relationship by composing the well known "Head and Heart Dialogue" which he dispatched to Mrs. Cosway by the ordinary post.

This was a feat of ambidexterity, and if not a feat of gallant prose is a most unusual tribute by a distinguished man to an attractive woman. The "Dialogue" explained his conduct, his apologia, his realization that he must stop. Their relationship, however, was marked by no visible consciousness of sin, no concern over any violation of the proprieties. He expertly examined the balance between intelligence and the emotions, between reasoned conduct and spontaneity. His deep infatuation is obvious, and he was cognizant of the fact that no permanent solution could emerge. His analysis may seem heartless, but the only conclusion one can draw is that Jefferson recognized the claim of reason over sentiment. Note the brief but revealing excerpt.³⁴

"This is not a world to live at random in as you do [The Head informs the Heart]. To avoid these eternal distresses, to which you are forever exposing us. You must learn to look forward before you take a step which may interest our peace. Everything in this world is a matter of calculation. Advance then with caution, the balance in your hand."

Mrs. Cosway seems not to have grasped its real meaning and never understood which part of the anatomy was victorious.

Thus closed the Cosway incident. Never again would Mr. Jefferson have a special female friend and from this point forward there would be a certain safety in numbers. He would have lady friends, Dolley Madison, Margaret Bayard Smith, Frances Wright and Angelica Church to name a few, but these would be safely married. It is now obvious that Martha would never be challenged by an outsider for dear Pappa's affections.

If Jefferson's relations with the ladies were restricted, his ideas about their education, as homemakers and members of society, suffered no limitations whatsoever.

³² To William S. Smith, 22 Oct. 1786. *Papers*, X, p. 478.

³³ Malone, *Jefferson and the Rights of Man*, p. 139.

³⁴ *Papers*, X, p. 443-55 gives the complete text of the dialogue.

His basic concept was this: There should be no perversion of the natural distinction of the sexes, for nature by physical and mental disqualifications made women the weaker and marked out for particular protection and certainly not for hard labor. At the same time he appears to have possessed a particular urgency in his stress upon the necessity of a proper female dress and decorum. In any age, his strictures on their education, marriage, study habits, dress, and participation in public life seems egregiously detailed.³⁵

He commented to his friend Albert Gallatin in 1807 that "the appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I."³⁶

There was nothing revolutionary about his plans to educate them either. In fact, by his own admission, he gave little thought to this. But when he did he sought only the means to prepare them for actual functions in the household, and without regard for their natural capabilities. He wrote his friend Nathaniel Burwell, concerning the education of his own daughters:³⁷

"Considering that they would be placed in a country position, where little aid could be obtained from abroad, I thought it might enable them when become mothers, to educate their own daughters, and even to direct the courses for sons, should their fathers be lost, incapable or inattentive.

Once while speaking of prospective sons-in-law, he expressed this reservation, no doubt a common apprehension among many fathers, that the chances of his daughters marrying a block head were to be calculated at no better than fourteen to one.³⁸ He then instructed them that they must have the good sense to value domestic happiness above all else.³⁹

As far as marriage was concerned, he preferred the European concept of coming of age at twenty-five more compatible with the natural maturity of the body and mind than the American of twenty-one. Thus he wrote his son-in-law, John Wayles

³⁵ A perusal of the *Family Letters* will quickly demonstrate this.

³⁶ Jan. 1807. Paul L. Ford, editor, *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (New York, 189) ,p.

³⁷ 14 Mar. 1818. Albert E. Bergh, editor, *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson. Definitive Edition* (Washington, 1907) XV, p. 165.

³⁸ TJ to Marbois, 5 Dec. 1783. *Papers*, VI, p. 374.

³⁹ TJ to Martha J. Randolph, 2 Feb. 1719. *Family Letters*, p. 71.

probably because he had grown up in a world of women. There is little doubt that he preferred it to that of men, but only on his own terms, for most assuredly he did not want them interfering with his well ordered life.

As such he generally preferred women who were gentle, accomplished and well married and following his romance with Rebecca Burwell he seemed capable of attachment only with married women. This accounts for his affinity for Dolley Madison, Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, Frances Wright, Madame de Tesse, and Maria Cosway, to name only a few.

The fact that he liked to be a master of his own realm, plus his affection for his daughter, Martha, and his family, certainly accounts for his failure to remarry. The old wives tale that he promised his dying wife he would never do so again is nothing more than chimney side history.

It does not seem unusual that an individual so well qualified to expound on so many topics did not overlook such a pleasing one. Here we find him more rational than sentimental, more conventional and utilitarian than advanced. To say then that he failed to grasp the future status of women in American society seems no more remiss than to say that he did not like them. And in this is he vastly different from other men?



William Henry Sheppard, D.D., Member of F. R. G. S.

(Photo courtesy of Presbyterian Pioneers to the Congo)

AUGUSTA COUNTY'S PIONEER MISSIONARY TO THE DARK CONTINENT

by James Sprunt

One morning a Christian woman of Waynesboro, Mrs. Ann Bruce, met a young friend of hers on the street, a little bare-footed black boy. After talking to him a while, she looked lovingly into his big brown eyes and said, "William, I pray for you, and hope that some day you will go to Africa as a missionary." And thus, so simply, were the bare feet of that little lad first placed upon the long, long path that led to his adventurous service as a pioneer missionary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States to Congo, and to his recognition as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England.

It was just one month, almost to the day, before the Confederate battle flags were sadly laid down by Lee's valiant remnant at Appomattox that a baby boy was born to the sexton of the First Presbyterian Church of Waynesboro and his wife who was destined to be a standard bearer of Christ to his race at home and across the sea. They named him for his father, William Henry Sheppard, a man highly respected as a citizen and a Christian. In later life the son speaking of his parents said: "My parents, still living, are good Presbyterians. There are so many lovely traits about them that I am puzzled which to mention." But he singled out their habit of prayer, and declared: "My father not only had family prayers, but my dear mother in putting me to bed would kneel and pray aloud with me." Of their attitude toward others, he remarked: "My mother never turned anyone from her door who came begging, whether white or colored, without offering them such as she had." It was in such a home that the lad William grew up to become a friendly, attractive, industrious youth who gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ.

His parents eventually moved to Warm Springs, where his father was a barber, and his mother, known affectionately to the community as "Aunt Fannie," long served as a bath attendant at the Springs. After living with an aunt in Staunton a while, William and an older sister Eva joined their parents in Bath County. Here as a youth he found what jobs he could, such as a

water boy, a stable boy, and finally spending some time assisting Dr. S. H. Henkel, a dentist. One incident that marked his service there was his finding in the back room of the office a box of teeth which Dr. Henkel had extracted through the years, a discovery which caused him to face the puzzling problem of how all those folk on Resurrection Day were going to find their own teeth again!

As an older youth William became the head waiter at the McCurdy House in Covington, and it was while there that he first heard of the Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute, which served to awaken within him a great desire and a dream. From that time on he diligently saved his money and in 1880 he bade his parents good-bye and was off to school. Despite the fact that he had neglected to make any formal application he was accepted, and set to work. A job on a farm and later at a bakery helped to make his schooling possible, with a little time thrown in for some fishing in Hampton Roads. The Chaplain of the Institute, Dr. H. B. Frissell, proved to be to him a devoted friend and exemplar, and under his influence he took part in Christian service to the poor neglected people of that area, a ministry which led to a desire to become a preacher of the Gospel.

Upon returning to Waynesboro he applied to Lexington Presbytery to be received under their care as candidate for the ministry. One of the questions asked by the Presbytery of this unusual youth was this: "If you are called upon to go to Africa as a missionary, would you be willing to go?" To which he promptly replied, "I would go, and with pleasure." Dr. Frank McCutchan, a native of Augusta County, who was then pastor of the Waynesboro Church, was instrumental in having young Sheppard accepted as a student at Tuscaloosa Theological Institute in Alabama, later to be known as Stillman Institute. During his three years there at Tuscaloosa William not only diligently prepared himself academically for the ministry, but practiced missionary work around the town in visiting and ministering to the poor, the sick, the underprivileged of the community. His scholastic training was followed by field training as a minister in a Montgomery Church. Then on being called to a pastorate in Atlanta, he was ordained by Atlanta Presbytery and installed as pastor of Zion Church.

The latent dream of his heart was yet to go as a missionary to the land that was then truly in fact as in name the Dark Con-

tinient. Again and again he applied to his church's Executive Committee of Foreign Missions without success. But in the early winter of 1889 he received the joyful news that his offer was accepted, and that the Committee had appointed him and a young white minister of Anniston, Alabama, Samuel Norvell Lapsley, to be missionaries to the Congo Free State of Central Africa.

Samuel N. Lapsley was the son of Judge and Mrs. James W. Lapsley of Anniston. He was a devoted Christian, talented, cultured, highly educated and deeply committed. His sister Katherine was destined to marry William W. Sproul of Locust Grove, near Middlebrook in Augusta County, and to become the mother of a family that has contributed much to the good name and progress of our county. It is one of the strange providences of God that permitted this young man so well equipped and so faithful and efficient in the beginning of his task to have had such a brief term of service before calling him to his heavenly home. For in two years and one month he was to die.

These two young pioneers were kindred spirits; one black and one white, only a year's difference in age, one twenty five and one twenty four, so different in heritage and advantages, but with the common bond of devotion to Christ and the desire to be the heralds of his Gospel. After appearing before the Committee and receiving their instructions for a mission never before undertaken by their church, and after speaking in a number of local churches, they set sail from New York on February 26, 1890. As the "Adriatic" pulled out from the pier, the last message of the tearful mother of Sam Lapsley was a word to his companion, "Sheppard, take care of Sam." It was a charge to which he was completely faithful.

The voyage across the Atlantic, the weeks in London in the purchase of supplies and in establishing contacts with agents and officials, and the final voyage from Rotterdam on a Dutch trading ship to Congo were all a fascinating though arduous adventure for these two young men. But finally, on May 10, they landed at Banana Point, where the mighty Congo River flows out into the sea, and they found themselves in a strange land, but the land of their hopes and desires.

Once in Congo their mode of travel differed radically. There was then no railroad up to Leopoldville on Stanley Pool, and the 230 mile stretch of rapids prevented passage by ship. There were no beasts of burden there then, nor are there now in Cen-

tral Africa. All goods had to be carried on the heads of Congolese men, hired for the purpose, and all travel was by foot. And this their first was to be but the forerunner of many such long journeys.

Stanley Pool is a lake-like expansion of the Congo River, some twenty five miles long and nine miles wide. Located just above the first cataract of the rapids, it is the beginning of navigation of the great network of rivers forming the Congo basin. Then a small settlement known as Leopoldville, after the Belgian sovereign, it is now a great city of over half a million people bearing the native name of Kinshasa, the capital of the Democratic Republic of Congo.

The efforts of these two young pioneers of their church were largely taken up in the first months with exploration of the river and its tributaries with the purpose of finding a suitable location for the establishment of the new mission. Many weeks were spent in visiting mission stations of other churches previously established and in learning the ways of the people of Congo. The scenes of river and rain-forest, the customs of the people of the tribes visited, the helpful counsel of other missionaries, and the contacts with Belgian officials all made deep impressions on them, and served as preparatory education. It was not until April 18, 1891, that they landed from the river steamer "Florida" at Luebo, the village at the confluence of the Kasai and Lulua Rivers, which they had decided to make their headquarters, nearly a thousand miles up the Congo, Kwa, and Kasai Rivers from Leopoldville.

Life was strange, but busy and wonderful, among a friendly people, none of whom had ever heard the Christian Gospel, none of whom had ever seen a book or a piece of paper, and, of course, had no written language. Building their small homes, learning the language, exploring new territory, making long-range plans for the mission, witnessing to all as best they could of the old, old story, occasionally attacked by fevers but chiefly in good health, the weeks sped by. More and more they became beloved by the people as they lived among them, helped to procure meat for them by the accurate use of their firearms, and were able to better teach them The Book of which they were ignorant. They soon acquired native names. Sheppard they called "Ngela," the hunter, and Lapsley they named "Tomba Njela," the path finder.

The diary of Samuel Lapsley, later published by his father, contains many references to Sheppard, and of his esteem for his companion, such as these: "Sheppard is very modest and easy to get along with, and quite an aid in anything where I need help." . . . "The Bateke think there is nobody like 'Mundele Ndom,' the black white man, as they call Sheppard" "Sheppard is a treasure" "Sheppard is a most handy fellow, and is now a thorough river-man" "His temper is bright and even—really a man of unusual graces and strong points of character. So I am thankful to God for Sheppard."

Only nine months they were together at Luebo. Then came the shocking experience of separation. The state of Lapsley's health, which was never as robust as his companion's, and the need for the replenishments of supplies for the work at Luebo led to their decision for "Tomba Njela" to make the long trip down river to Leopoldville on one of the rare trips that the "Florida" had made to their far outpost, when it started back on January 6th, 1892. There he received the disturbing word that it was uncertain whether the government would confirm their permission, previously given, for the establishment of the station at Luebo, so Lapsley pushed on to the coast to see the Governor General in person at Boma. By the 17th of March that important mission had been successfully fulfilled and Luebo's future was secure. Nine days later God called Sam Lapsley home. While with missionary friends at Tunduwa (Underhill) near Matadi, he fell ill with severe hematuric fever, which, despite all their efforts, persisted until he passed away on the 26th.

The news of his death reached William Sheppard two months later, and was a sad blow indeed. Hearing the whistle of the steamer approaching Luebo on the 25th of May, he and a host of Congolese gathered at the shore in hopes of welcoming Sam Lapsley's return. He was not aboard. Instead was a letter to Sheppard telling of his untimely death, and burial, at Tunduwa. What a shock it was! As he later described the scene: "My head became giddy . . . I staggered from the deck, threw up my right hand to the hundreds of assembled natives, and called out, 'Ntomanjela wa kafua!' (Mr. Lapsley is dead!) The weeping and wailing started at once. The news soon reached the village and there was wild excitement and grief. I sought a quiet spot in the forest to pour out my soul's great grief to Almighty God."

But though God calls his workmen home, the work goes on. To it William Sheppard gave all his strength and devotion. Overcoming his loneliness and sorrow, he plunged anew into the work of a missionary until by God's grace he was able by the time reinforcements arrived to have the mission at Luebo on a stable and progressing basis. Among those coming to share in this Congo enterprise in the next few years was William McCutchan Morrison, who became an outstanding leader, and foremost translator of the Bible into the Tshiluba tongue, the language of all the tribes in the Kasai region. He was born and reared in Rockbridge County, to the south of Augusta, the most illustrious son of New Monmouth Church, near Lexington.

Among the greatest of the achievements of William Sheppard's later years of service in Africa was his opening of the road for Christ to Mushenge, the capital of the large Bakuba Kingdom. The king of this loose federation of several tribes was termed the Lukenga, and was a man of conspicuous size and great authority. Despite the threat of death to any foreigner seeking entrance into his domain, Sheppard made his way there, won the friendship of the Lukenga, stayed there long enough to preach the Gospel to his people and make possible the later advancement of the mission work in his whole area. It was the privilege of the writer of this sketch a few years ago to visit and meet the present Lukenga, again a large and much-married man albeit a less powerful ruler, and to see the remarkable buildings of his capital of Mushenge. It was possible for him to be received in friendship because of the pioneering love of William Sheppard years before.

The most famous event of Sheppard's mission to Congo was the part he played in the successful fight against the excesses and brutalities of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, in his dealings with his personal vassal colony, the Congo Free State. In his immense greed for gain, Leopold's agents in Congo placed the most exacting burdens upon the Congolese for the furnishing of ivory and rubber. Any failure on their part to meet the slave-like requirements resulted in punishment characterized by extreme atrocities. Both Sheppard and William Morrison took up the fight to abolish this dreadful system which amounted to enforced serfdom, and was carried on in complete disregard and defiance of the international agreement made in 1885 when the Congo Free State was recognized by the United States and the European powers. On his first furlough in 1903 Dr. Morrison

went home by way of Belgium to enter protest, and in London he addressed a great gathering at Whitehall, and spoke also in the British Parliament in the effort to raise public opinion in Great Britain against the excesses of Leopold's policy.

William Sheppard too did valiant service in this cause. Mr. Orvis E. Dunham, Presbyterian elder at Warm Springs, Virginia, tells the remarkable story of how Sheppard on a furlough visit to his parents there was asked to speak in the Warm Springs Church. It turned out to be an address which focused national and international concern on the deplorable conditions in the so-called Free State of Congo. It so happened that when Sheppard spoke at Warm Springs the Belgian Ambassador was a guest at the Homestead at Hot Springs, five miles away. So was a notable newspaper reporter on the staff of a New York daily. Learning of the fact that this missionary was going to speak on Congo, they, independently, decided to go and hear him. In his address Sheppard told explicitly of the ruthless manner in which the Congolese were being exploited, and of how their failure to bring in the allotted amount of rubber and ivory resulted in the seizure of their children and the cutting off of their hands, and of other shameful cruelties. The New York reporter immediately got busy, and the papers of the country printed headline stories of the Congo atrocities. The ultimate end of the furor thus created was an international investigation resulting in an exposure of Leopold's inhuman practices. This in turn led to his giving up of his personal possession of the Congo Free Union State, and turning it over to the Belgian government for administration as a colony of Belgium, a supervision which eliminated the cruel treatment of the Congolese.

It was also a statement made by William Sheppard in an article written by him and published by William Morrison in the Kasai Herald, of which he was the editor, in January, 1908, which was made the basis of a suit for libel by the Kasai Rubber Company, agents of King Leopold, in order to recoup some of the losses they had suffered by the opposition of these missionaries. In a trial of international interest Morrison and Sheppard were summoned to Leopoldville. Help for them was sought and given by the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions in Nashville, who had sent them to Africa, and by the State Department in Washington. A most distinguished Belgian jurist, the Hon. Emil Vandervelde, willingly went to Leopoldville to defend them and what he considered "the best interests of the Belgians

themselves." His masterful defence resulted in the case being thrown out and the two missionaries triumphantly acquitted.

Time fails to tell of the varied and impressive nature of the work done in Congo by William Sheppard his wife Lucy, whom he married in February, 1894. The Church of Christ in Congo was well on its way to becoming the great instrument for good that it is today when, after twenty years of arduous and effective service, the Sheppards returned to the United States in 1910. He soon became pastor of the Hancock Street Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky, to which work he "gave himself in the same earnest and self-denying spirit that characterized his service in the Congo," as one of his colleagues wrote. And having fulfilled his ministry, William Sheppard went home to be with the Lord in Louisville on November 25th, 1927.

There is no better way to close this brief survey of the life of William Henry Sheppard than to quote the words of Dr. Samuel H. Chester, for years the Secretary of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., with which in part he introduced Dr. Sheppard to a local congregation after his return to this country. It is the pleasant hope of the writer of this article that Dr. Chester's comments may serve also as an introduction to the life and work of this truly notable son of Augusta County to some who may not have known of him.

"It is my privilege to introduce to you today perhaps the most distinguished and certainly the most widely known minister of our Southern Presbyterian Church. For one thing he is the only minister on our roll holding a Fellowship in the Royal Geographical Society of London... There is no missionary on our roll more beloved or more highly esteemed by the Committee under which he serves. During the time of his missionary service he has been called upon to represent us on many important occasions. He has stood before kings, both white kings and black kings, as our representative. He has never represented us anywhere that we have not had reason to be proud of the manner in which he has done it... That for which we esteem him most is not the fact that he has achieved this prominence and recognition, but that, having achieved it, he has come back to us the same simple-hearted, humble, earnest Christian man that he was when first we sent him out."

THE BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT

by Marshall Moore Brice

In March 1774 the British Parliament passed its Intolerable Acts declaring the port of Boston closed effective June 1. In May the Virginia Assembly, in a gesture of sympathy, designated June 1 a day of fasting and prayer. Virginia sent her delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia September 6, at which a program was set up to combat the tyranny of Parliament. In the meantime Augusta County donated 137 barrels of flour to alleviate the suffering of the besieged Bostonians.

By midsummer 1774 it was evident to the colonists and to their royal Governors that rebellion was in the offing. These Governors realized that it was high time for the King to strengthen his hold upon various population segments. One way was to maneuver the Indian populace to the British side; and John Murray, 4th Earl of Dunmore and Governor of Virginia, set to work with that purpose.

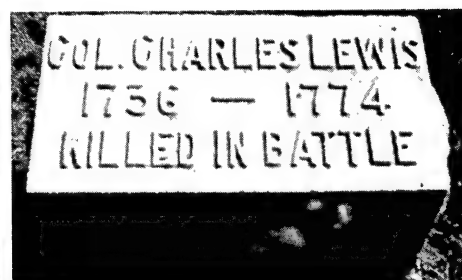
Since cessation of the French and Indian War in 1763, a perennial source of friction was the Indians west of the Alleghenies. When the area as far as the Mississippi was ceded by France, a broad expanse was opened that might be peopled by colonists. But England had no such design. She set apart much of this region for Indians and declared the land north of the Ohio virtually an Indian reservation to be ruled from Quebec, this in spite of the fact that by royal charter and legislative process it was part of Augusta County. The consequence was much confusion about hunting rights of Indians and settlement rights of whites.

In early 1774 several settlers near Fort Pitt were slain by Indians, and a Marylander by the name of Richard Cresap was commissioned to lead an invasion of Indian country. Though Cresap himself may not have been guilty of inhuman depredations, part of his army massacred the Moravian Christian Indians. On April 30 at Yellow Creek, forty miles above Wheeling, whites invaded Indian villages and killed the entire family of Mingo Chief Logan. Logan formally declared war, leading the Northwest Confederacy, made up of Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandottes, Cayugas, Illinois, Ottawas, and Mingoes. Logan led his warriors on a bloody warpath, and by the last of May the frontier was aflame. Logan had enlisted support of the Shawnee chief, Keigh-tu-quah, or Cornstalk, a remarkable military leader.



Militiaman stands guard at
Pt. Pleasant Battle Monument

(Photo courtesy of West Virginia Department
of Commerce, Charleston, W. Va.)



Marker points to where Colonel
Charles Lewis was killed on Pt.
Pleasant Battlefield.

Andrew Lewis, who had been Botetourt County Lieutenant twenty-eight years, conferred that spring with Governor Dunmore, and some sort of war strategy was mapped. On May 13 the Burgesses authorized mobilization. Plans were made for Lewis to organize a thousand-man division in the upper Valley, and Dunmore would marshal a similar unit from the lower Valley. Lord Dunmore would march from Fort Pitt, while Lewis would proceed from the Great Levels of the Greenbrier, the two forces to meet at Point Pleasant, where the Great Kanawha flows into the Ohio. Lewis, who then lived near what is now Salem, held a conference with military men of the upper Valley August 14; and each began recruiting his regiment, to assemble at Camp Union (Lewisburg) August 30.

The Augusta County Regiment was commanded by Colonel Charles Lewis, youngest brother of Andrew and most adventurous of the sons of the settler, John Lewis. Charles Lewis in turn designated ten captains, each of whom was to enlist a fifty-man company. There was no difficulty finding recruits; the problem was that of selecting the best of many volunteers. For Augusta troops the rendezvous was at Sampson Mathews's Ordinary, a story-and-a-half frame building near the center of Staunton. In its main room was the six-foot mark to which each volunteer for George Mathews's company must measure. What requirements the other units imposed is not known; but Theodore Roosevelt declares, "It may be doubted if a braver or physically finer set of men ever got together in this continent."¹ Each company set forth toward Camp Union as soon as it had filled its quota of fifty men.

Meanwhile Dunmore was assembling a 1500-man division, and he was beginning to display the vacillation that infuriated Andrew Lewis.² On September 5 a runner came to Camp Union from Dunmore ordering General Lewis to change his march objective from the mouth of the Great Kanawha to the mouth of the Little Kanawha (near Parkersburg). Lewis sent a brusque reply that it was too late to change, that his scouts and axmen had already set out.

These frontiersmen were clad mostly in forest garb—rough moccasins, fringed hunting shirts, leather leggins; and each was armed with rifle or musket, tomahawk, and knife. Each soldier carried his own blanket, though tentage was supplied, sixty yards to the company. The only indispensable cooking utensils were kettles, which evidently were in short supply, as attested

by grumbles that it was harmful to men's stomachs to eat meat without broth.

Before the division marched north, its organization must be completed. The Botetourt Regiment under Colonel William Fleming and the Augusta Regiment under Colonel Charles Lewis were well-knit and self-sustaining, each with 450 fighters. To Colonel Christian's Fincastle Battalion were attached three separate companies—Captain Slaughter's Dunmore Volunteers, Captain Buford's Bedford Riflemen, and Captain Herrod's Kentucky Pioneers. Colonel John Field led a forty-man company, the Culpeper Minute Men, with a directive from Dunmore authorizing him to operate independently. Fighting men totalled more than eleven hundred, and there were extras not carried on company rosters—canoemen, cooks, scouts, Indian spies, quartermasters, sutlers, horsemen, drovers.

Movement of the division began in early September. The expedition was preceded by a corps of axmen led by Captain Arbuckle, who in turn was preceded by scouts and spies. Each of the three large components acted as a separate unit, with its own advance party and flank guards. Because the march was through trackless forests, all supplies, ammunition, and flour were borne on the backs of five hundred pack horses. In addition, each regiment drove its own herd of cattle, a total of four hundred beeves. In general the units followed the same route over mountains and across streams, except for Colonel Field, who asserted his independence by pursuing a separate route. On the second day out, two of Field's men, Clay and Coward, encountered two Indians, and Clay was killed. Field then chose to join the Augusta Regiment.

They moved through mountainous terrain until on September 21 they reached the Great Kanawha where Elk Creek flows into it (Charleston). There they fashioned twenty-seven dug-out canoes for transportation of supplies. The division reached Point Pleasant, a distance from Camp Union of 160 miles, in nineteen days.

Camp was established east of the Kanawha, in the angle where it flows into the Ohio. Farther east along the Ohio lay heavy forest and dense underbrush. Half the division was encamped here by the end of September, with scattered detachments marching in during October. The bulk of the Fincastle Battalion came after the battle, though two of its companies were here earlier.

Here the division rested, awaiting the arrival of Dunmore and his division. But Dunmore's division did not arrive. On Sunday morning Simon Girty, later known as the Renegade, and two other messengers came from Dunmore ordering Lewis to break camp and proceed to a new rendezvous on the Plains of Pickaway. Lewis demurred but agreed to resume his march Tuesday.

Before dusk that Sunday, Andrew Lewis had reports from his scouts that no hostile Indian was within fifteen miles. After supper Chaplain Terry preached a rousing sermon; the drum and fife corps presented a concert; and the weary men rolled into their blankets.

The report of Lewis's scouts was correct—no Indians were within fifteen miles. But they were on their way. Old Logan had marshaled more than a thousand warriors in what is now Gallia County, Ohio. With the two divisions of white troops so widely separated, it was time to attack. The obvious target was the Big Knives—soldiers of the upper Valley whom the Indians feared and hated most. At the beginning the real leader, Keigh-tu-quah, or Cornstalk, voted against the campaign and offered to talk peace with the whites; but he was outvoted and designated to lead the attack. So on Sunday, October 9, they were on the march down the north bank of the Ohio. Shortly after nightfall they had reached their assembly point three miles above Point Pleasant, at Oldtown Creek. Stealthily they crossed to the south bank on seventy-nine rafts. Before moving on, Cornstalk assigned scouts to post themselves across the two rivers and opposite Point Pleasant, to shoot fleeing whites while the bulk were to be slaughtered in the angle. All bade fair, with a surprise assault at dawn, to slay every white soldier.

A fortuitous circumstance prevented complete surprise. According to strict orders, no soldier was to go beyond the sentry line at Point Pleasant. But among these men there was much grumbling about food; and it was accepted practice for small hunting parties to slip out of camp in hopes of bagging some game. On this night two men, Joseph Hughey of Shelby's company and James Mooney of Russell's company, had ventured a few miles from camp. Just before dawn Mooney rushed terror-stricken into camp shouting that he had come across four acres of Indians and that his companion Hughey was slain. In brief time the whole camp was aroused, and men were looking to their priming. Within five minutes two other hunters, James

Robertson and Valentine Sevier, rushed back to camp, shouting frenziedly and raising the acreage to five. General Lewis, confident that it was only a small maruding band, ordered his brother Charles to move along the Kanawha with three Augusta companies, 150 men, and Colonel Fleming, with the same number of Botetourt men, to march along the Ohio. Charles Lewis advanced but a half-mile before encountering Indians. Those in camp heard one lone shot, then two more, then a mighty roar like thunder. Fleming's men marched a full mile into the thick of fighting. Charles Lewis was the first field officer to fall. His scarlet waistcoat made him a prime target; and furthermore, he failed to take to a tree. He was shot in the chest; and before leaving the field he encouraged his men, shouting, "Push on, boys; don't mind me," and then walked back to camp, informing a passing soldier that he had sent one Indian to eternity. His elder brother said, "I expected something fatal would befall you." Charles replied, "It is the fate of war." He went to his tent and died within the hour.

Both white contingents were hard pressed. The Augusta line was nearly a mile long, with barely 120 effectives to man it. Early in the fray Colonel Fleming was struck by three balls and had to retire from battle. To add to the chaos, the horses stampeded. The Indians were pushing closer to the camp. General Lewis sent in Colonel Lewis's company, and for a time the retreat was stemmed. Meanwhile Lewis set his camp personnel to building a stockade for a last-minute stand.

By midmorning the lines began to steady when some advance parties of the Fincastle Battalion extended the Augusta line. On the field there was no display of humaneness or gentleness. If an Indian fell slightly wounded at a white man's feet, the white shot him. Command leadership was hardly needed; it was a personal, individual battle, really a thousand battles between individuals. The lines were hardly twenty yards apart, often so entangled that one could hardly distinguish the combatants. They hurled knives and tomahawks, fired arrows, and relied mostly on the rifle, with which the Indian also was adept. Nor did all the noise come from weapons. A clamor of shouting came from both sides. The Indians, most of whom spoke fluent English, found pleasure in calling their foes all names a fighting man can conjure. Colonel Field lost his life because, flaring into temper at an Indian's revilings, he moved from behind a tree and was shot by another Indian. Over the entire battlefield could

be heard the deep voice of Cornstalk calling, "Be strong! Be strong!" During lulls in the firing, Indians across the rivers could be heard calling, "Drive the white dogs over here."

By noon Lewis's forces grew strong enough to push their foe back, when the Indians took refuge in a swampy thicket from which they could not be dislodged by frontal attack. A patrol of three companies under John Stuart, Isaac Shelby, and George Mathews advanced up the Kanawha, then up Crooked Creek to what is now Tenth Street, a high bluff on the Indian left flank. The Indians began their retreat. Even in departure they continued to taunt, shouting, "We'll be back tomorrow with two thousand."

The battle was over by sunset. All that Lewis now could do was to bring in his wounded, throw out picket lines, and await developments. It turned out that there was no further attack. Daylight revealed that the battle had been costly, with casualties rarely paralleled in war. The dead numbered 81 whites, and 140 were wounded. The toll among officers was appalling. Colonels Lewis and Field were dead, and Colonel Fleming lay at the point of death, though he survived and was to live twenty-one more years. He died in 1795 at the age of 66, after serving as a prominent surgeon, member of the Virginia Assembly, and acting Governor of Virginia.

Estimates of Indian strength and casualties vary, but Cornstalk is believed to have had a thousand within the angle. Thirty-three Indian bodies were left on the field. One estimate declares that the Indians suffered 230 casualties, about the same as the whites.

After so disastrous a battle, Lewis could not comply at once with Dunmore's order to join him on Pickaway Plains. He must bury his dead, leave medicine and nurses for his wounded, garrison his fort, and round up his scattered horses. In the meantime Dunmore with 1500 men moved down the Ohio, marched to Pickaway Plains, and by October 11 was entrenched on twelve acres near the present site of Logan, Ohio, making ready for a peace conference with the Indians. When Cornstalk and his warriors set forth to meet Dunmore, Cornstalk gloomily proposed that they return home, slay their squaws and children, then wage suicide war against the whites. To their delight, though, when they conferred with Dunmore, they were offered terms beyond their expectations. True, they must not settle south of the Ohio, but the area to the north was still reserved for their

tribal villages. In return they were to swear fealty to the British, an oath to which they clung during the Revolution.

While Dunmore and the chiefs were working out peace terms, they had alarming news that General Lewis and his bloodthirsty men were approaching. The Indians appealed to Dunmore to keep these Big Knives away. Accordingly he sent orders for Lewis to turn back to Point Pleasant. But Lewis did not turn. Once more Dunmore sent orders, then rode out to the division and, with a mixture of flattery and cajolery, persuaded General Lewis to leave. Return of the soldiers to their homes was by companies; and before the year ended, the division was dissolved. Dunmore's War was over. News of the campaign reached Staunton a month after the battle, and accounts were published far and wide, even in European journals.

Another episode of Pickaway Plains deserves mention. During the negotiations Dunmore dispatched one of his soldiers, John Gibson, to Logan's village bidding the Indian chief to the conference. Logan refused, arguing that he was a soldier, not a talker; but he sent Dunmore a message which Gibson recorded, the famous oration beginning, "I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat." So impressed was Thomas Jefferson that he included the speech in his *Notes on Virginia*.

The soldiers were a long time receiving pay for their service. Unanticipated compensation came from salvage of captured Indian equipment—rifles, blankets, tomahawks, wampum, pelts—sold for 74 pounds, which they divided as prize money. Dunmore, truculent and penurious, refused to sign the pay vouchers; but when after a few months he ceased to be Governor, the Committee of Safety voted the pay.

The leaders in this campaign had varied careers. James Logan, whose Indian name was Tachnechdorus, "Branching Oak of the Forest," was son of a Frenchman named Shikellima, who grew up with the Oneidas and became their chief. Shikellima married a Cayuga woman; and Logan, born 1725, became a member of his mother's tribe. He lived awhile at Shamokin on the Susquehanna; during the French and Indian War he remained neutral and made his home in several white settlements, where he was noted for his kindness. The whites, having difficulty pronouncing his name, called him Logan, name of Penn's secretary. In 1772 Logan was elected chief of a Mingo tribe and moved to Yellow Creek. After the murder of his family he went

on the warpath and took 30 scalps and 174 prisoners. During the Revolution he fought for the British. He grew increasingly moody and intemperate; and in 1780 while on a mad rampage near Detroit, he was killed by his nephew.

Cornstalk, or Keigh-tu-quah, was pure Indian, a Shawnee born about 1727. In 1763 he led a raid into the Greenbrier Valley; and until 1774 he never abandoned the warpath. During the summer of 1777 he with his companion, Red Hawk, went to Point Pleasant to inform Captain Arbuckle that his tribe had joined England in war against Virginia and that he must accede to the majority, however reluctantly. The whites held him and Red Hawk as hostages. On November 9 Cornstalk's son, El-linipsico, visited the fort and chose to remain with his father. Next day a band of Indians attacked a boatload of soldiers and killed one Gilmore, whose friend, Hugh Galbraith, vowed to slay the first Indian he encountered. Joined by Captain James Hall, he assailed the stockade and broke open the door. Cornstalk stood, bared his chest, awaiting the eight balls to penetrate his body. The three Indians were buried at Point Pleasant. Galbraith and Hall were arraigned at Rockbridge Courthouse in 1778 but since no one would testify against them, they were released.

Andrew Lewis, native of Donegal, Ireland, returned after Point Pleasant to his estate, Dropmore, near Salem, and continued as County Lieutenant. George Washington is said to have recommended him for command of the Continental Army. Lewis served in the House of Burgesses and represented Botetourt County in the Virginia Convention of 1775, after which he led the Virginia army. He died in 1781 and was buried at Dropmore.

The battle of Point Pleasant is sometimes referred to as the first battle of the American Revolution. The Congressional Act of 1908 cites it as such. It is true, of course, that no legislative body may decree the facts of history; but there are salient arguments for so labelling it. Undoubtedly Dunmore was using this campaign with an eye to wooing the Indians to the English side during the impending rebellion; his success is confirmed by the fact that until 1778 the hostility of the Northwest Confederacy was an affliction to the Americans. In any event, if the Big Knives had lost the battle, the thirteen states would have been devoid of a bargaining point with England nine years later, and

the national boundaries might well have been the Alleghenies instead of the Mississippi.

So as the time approaches to observe the bicentennial of the Revolutionary War, possibly the commemoration should begin before April 19, 1975, and Virginians can hallow this as a portico of the Revolution—a battle in which their own Big Knife ancestry were engaged. It is fitting, then, that on October 10, 1974, Virginians turn their thoughts back to that day when a sturdy band of pioneers rendered their noble contribution to Virginia and to America.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Theodore Roosevelt, *Winning of the West* (New York, 1894-95), II, p. 7.

² Virgil Anson Lewis, *History of the Battle of Point Pleasant* (Charleston, W. Va.), 1909, p. 30.

³ Thomas Jefferson, *Notes on the State of Virginia*, ed. William Peden (Chapel Hill, 1965), p. 63.

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THE McCHESNEY GHOST

by Elizabeth G. Sterrett

For almost a century and a half, the legend of the McChesney ghost has attracted widespread interest. Numerous articles have been written about it and all are based on the first published account contained in Waddell's *Annals of Augusta County*. Since Mr. Waddell's book was not written until some forty years after the actual events took place, his story was based on recollections of older people in the area and were, for the most part, stories they had heard.

While it is true that a large number of people outside the family witnessed various phenomena, only the McChesneys themselves knew the whole story, and it was a subject upon which they maintained an unbroken silence for well over a century.

Margaret McChesney was the last living link between the happenings at Greenwood and the present time. From her aunt Amanda, with whom she enjoyed a very close and affectionate relationship, and her grandfather, Dr. John McChesney, she heard the story of the terror they and other members of the family had endured.

Margaret was a delightful person with an exceptionally keen and alert mind, and a wonderful sense of humor. The fact that newspapers invariably printed something about the McChesney ghost at Hallowe'en never failed to amuse her, and she would remark that someday the last of the McChesneys would tell the entire story that had never been known outside the family.

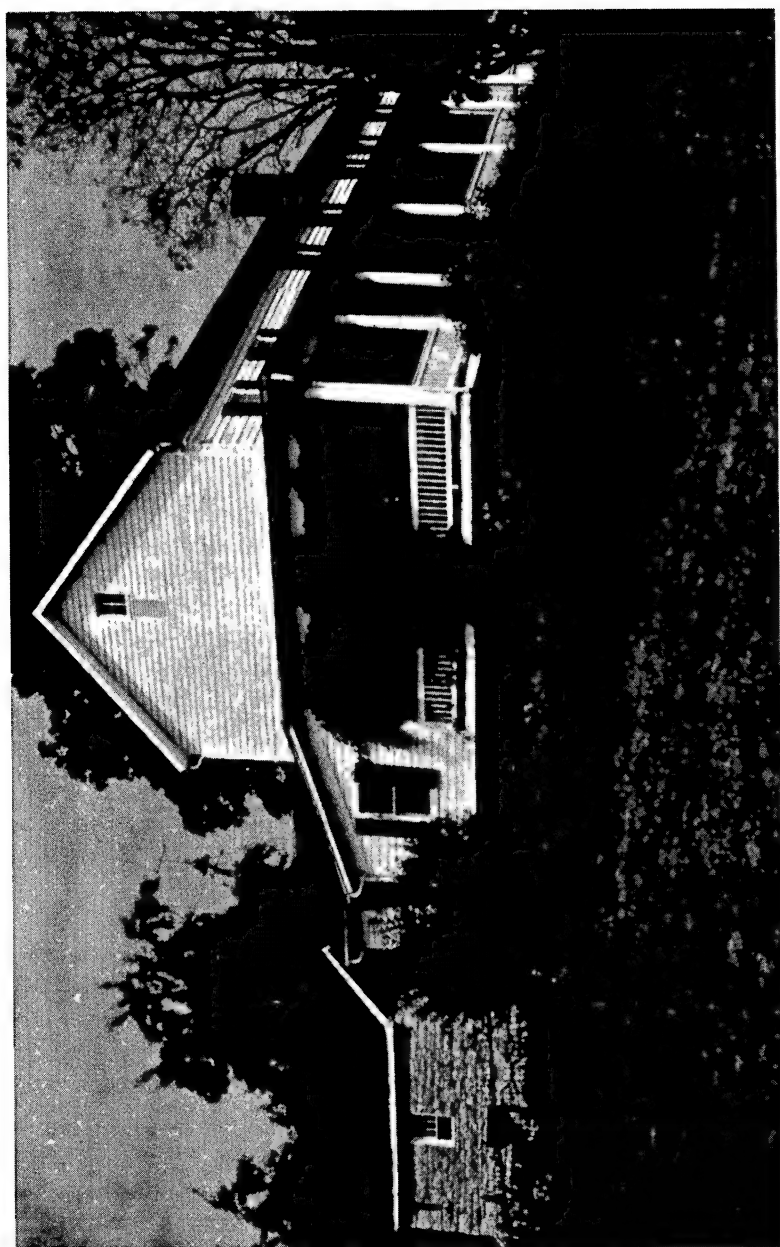
When her sister died, Margaret herself became the last of the McChesneys to know the family story, and in 1954—in her 93rd year—she dictated this account to her niece, Evelyn Jones Yarbrough. We had heard some of the episodes from Margaret, but never knew the full story until we inherited from Evelyn the account Margaret had dictated to her.

Margaret died in her home on Kalorama Street in Staunton in 1958, in her 97th year.

This is her story:

In 1825, Dr. John McChesney and his family lived near the village of Newport in a home called Greenwood.

Dr. McChesney was a respected physician, a stern but just



"Greenwood." The old McChesney home known as The Haunted House. Presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Smith.

(Photo by George Yarrow)

man, and a staunch Presbyterian. He lived a busy, well-ordered life, and was accustomed to having his word and his wishes obeyed without question.

A prosperous man, he owned a number of slaves . . . among them a girl named Maria who was, at the time, around 12 years old. And it began with Maria—the first episode that was to lead to total disruption of the peaceful, orderly life at Greenwood.

It was a warm spring afternoon. In the kitchen the servants were busy with preparations for the evening meal. Mrs. McChesney was seated in a chair in the parlor rocking her infant son, James, when the quiet was pierced by loud screams from the yard. Almost immediately, Maria burst into the room obviously terrified and screaming that "an old woman with her head tied up" had beaten and chased her. Mrs. McChesney, trying to soothe both Maria and James, could see that there were welts and bruises on the girl, but could make no sense out of what Maria was saying about the old woman. Finally she lost patience and ordered Maria out of the room.

Soon Mrs. McChesney succeeded in quieting James and rocking him to sleep. Then she heard the tinkle of glasses in the nearby dining room. A decanter of wine and some wine glasses stayed on a tray on the sideboard and the house slaves were known to get into the wine whenever an opportunity presented itself; so, thinking to catch the culprit, Mrs. McChesney, still holding the baby, crept softly to the dining room door. The room was empty, but the tray with decanter and bottles intact had been pushed so far over the edge of the sideboard that only the rim rested against the board. Yet it was perfectly level . . . simply hanging there in mid-air defying every natural law.

Dumfounded, Mrs. McChesney returned the tray to its proper place and returned to the parlor. Promptly the tinkle of wine glasses could be heard in the dining room, and when she went back the tray again was suspended in the air with its rim barely touching the sideboard.

The months of misery had begun.

Now began a steady barrage of clods and mud and rocks hurled through the house and in the yard. Sometimes they came from inside the house, sometimes from the outside, yet no one could determine where they came from and they followed no directional pattern. Often the rocks were hot and actually singed the spots where they fell, and they left great dents in the furniture.

Maria was the special target for abuse. Frequently the girl would go into convulsive screaming fits crying that she was being beaten. The sounds of heavy slaps and blows could be heard distinctly above her cries, and before the eyes of the members of the family great welts would appear on her body. Often, in sheer desperation, Mrs. McChesney would hold the girl between her knees and flail the air around them with a heavy cane, but the screams and slaps and welts would continue.

At first, the family viewed these unexpected events with mixed reactions: Mrs. McChesney was extremely perturbed, the children excited and amused; and Dr. McChesney pronounced the whole affair utter nonsense and refused to discuss it or allow anyone to mention it to him.

Before events got really serious, the children and some cousins decided it would be a great idea to have a table seance and try to contact whatever it was that kept throwing things around the house. Into this gleeful gathering came the doctor, and he was outraged to find members of his family solemnly trying to establish contact with a spook. In terms so stern that his daughter Amanda never forgot them, he berated them for their sinful ways and ordered that there never again be any talk of ghosts in his home. For this decisive stand, he was promptly showered with clods and mud that pelted him from every direction. Incredibly, he chose to ignore this.

Word of the strange and ominous events at Greenwood began to seep through the countryside, and curiosity seekers began arriving. This was a bitter blow to Dr. McChesney and soon he abandoned all attempts to be courteous and drove strangers away the minute he set eyes on them.

One day a man arrived at the front door which, by chance, was opened by the doctor. The stranger announced that he had heard from someone in Richmond of the occurrences at Greenwood so he had come to stay awhile and make an investigation of the phenomena. Dr. McChesney wrathfully retorted that he would be glad to have him stay provided the man would tell him the name of the damn fool in Richmond who had the idea Greenwood was a hotel. (We have heard Margaret tell this story, and she would laugh until the tears came. The idea of her Presbyterian grandfather being so harassed as to use the term "damnfool" was one of her favorite memories.)

While the doctor grew more wrathful, Mrs. McChesney was getting more and more unnerved; and the children, too,

were upset and apprehensive and no longer considered the whole thing a joke. Even in that day of sluggish travel and poor communication, the word continued to spread throughout an ever-expanding area, and along with the curious came the crackpots offering all kinds of unsought and unheeded advice. Even the doctor's vigilance and righteous indignation failed to keep them away.

Mrs. McChesney began to plead with her husband to move, but he refused to discuss such a thing. He was an intelligent man, and no intelligent person could believe for one minute that his home had been invaded by ghosts! He was a respectable, respected man—and if there were such things as ghosts, they surely would not dare to bring shame and disgrace to such a man as he!

Like so many of us, Dr. McChesney went on the firm assumption that as long as he refused to admit anything was wrong, everything was bound to be all right.

Mrs. McChesney was increasingly aware that the bulk of the disturbances seemed to center around Maria. The beatings were more frequent, more severe. During one of them, Maria screamed that "the old woman with her head tied up" was demanding that Maria give her a white lacy shawl belonging to Mrs. McChesney. Despite her anxiety, Mrs. McChesney firmly refused to give her shawl to a malicious unseen character who was making their lives so miserable.

On another occasion Maria, in a whining petulant mood, was hanging around the kitchen getting in everybody's way and complaining that she was hungry. Finally she became such a nuisance that the cook shoved her out the door. While the girl stood crying on the back porch, she was fiercely pelted with large floppy objects that appeared to be soggy oversized pancakes. Members of the family, hastily summoned by the servants, saw and handled these objects.

During one of the flying rock episodes, a large rock was thrown into a pitcher. This pitcher had a broad rounded base and a long narrow neck—the neck impossibly small for a rock of that size to pass through without shattering it. But the rock was there—almost covering the bottom of the pitcher—and there it stayed for many, many years. Eventually the pitcher came into Margaret's possession and was seen by countless people until it was broken by a cleaning woman.

Now the harassment took a sinister turn. The baby James began to have strange and frightening seizures. Lying in his

crib one day he suddenly went into a screaming fit, and what appeared to be tiny bloody pinpricks spread rapidly across his body.

Mrs. McChesney said that did it. She couldn't stand any more. Dr. McChesney, although shaken by what had happened to his child, tried to assure her it was ridiculous to connect the child's seizure with superstitious nonsense.

The baby had another seizure—and again the bloody pinpricks appeared.

Mrs. McChesney was frantic. The doctor, worried about the baby, but in no sense willing to concede that forces beyond his ken were at work in his house, nevertheless agreed—at his wife's insistence—to send Maria to the home of his brother-in-law who lived several miles away.

Brother-in-law and his family, in total ignorance of the proposed visit from Maria, were seated on the lawn entertaining guests when from inside the house came the clatter of horses' hooves—indeed, it sounded like a stampede. Rushing into the house, they found that every stick of furniture and all the knicknacks in the parlor had been piled in the middle of the floor. While they stared in stunned disbelief, clods and rocks began to sail through the room and crash into the furniture. Panic-stricken they rushed outside and saw Maria approaching the house. She was immediately sent back to Greenwood.

Following this, the beatings of Maria were intensified . . . night and day the rocks and clods and mud sailed through the house and yard . . . and James' seizures grew more frequent and more terrifying. One day Mrs. McChesney, rocking her son, was badly shaken when a chair, which was placed sedately against the wall, "walked" across the room and came to rest beside her. Hastily she moved to the other side of the room, and when the chair followed her, she became hysterical and ran screaming from the house, still clutching her child.

It seems incredible that Dr. McChesney still could not bring himself to acknowledge that he and his family were up against something that defied reason or explanation. To him the very suggestion of a ghost was both a sin and a disgrace, and he had no intention of giving in. Convinced that he, a physician, could cure the baby of whatever was afflicting him, he adamantly refused to leave Greenwood or seek outside help.

While the doctor tried with all his medical skill and knowledge to cure his son, the seizures increased and with each

one James grew weaker. And finally he died in the convulsive throes of a screaming fit while his tiny body flamed with the bloody pinpricks.

Only then did the stunned, grieving doctor face the harsh fact that he had so adamantly tried to ignore: that some terrible and evil force had been unleashed in their lives.

The day of the baby's funeral, after the family had returned from the cemetery, Amanda and some cousins were standing on the front porch near the open door. From inside the house came the by now all-too-familiar thuds of rocks and clods being hurled against the furniture. In a reckless frenzy of rage and grief, Amanda stepped through the doorway and screamed, "Consarn ye! Why don't you pick on somebody old enough to fight back?" Immediately, from inside the house, came a large rock which struck her in the forehead cutting a long deep gash. The injury was so severe that she carried the scar for the rest of her life. Although many people were hit by mud and clods, Amanda was the only person injured by one of the flying rocks.

Mrs. McChesney had reached the end of her rope. A quiet, unassuming woman, heretofore ever obedient to her husband and content to accept his wishes as law, she now told him that she could no longer live at Greenwood. If he would take her and the children away, fine; if not, she and the children would have to go without him. She had lost her baby. She would not risk losing more of her family.

The doctor, though dazed and broken by the tragic death of James, still could not bear the thought of giving up his home. He did, however, sell Maria and her parents, sending them "further south."

After they left, the manifestations ceased and never occurred again.

This did not change Mrs. McChesney's determined stand to leave Greenwood, and the doctor finally realized there was nothing left to do but sell his holdings and move away. To the end of his life, he was to feel that the inexplicable happenings at Greenwood constituted a terrible disgrace for himself and his family.

So they moved to Staunton; and it was here that William, the father of Margaret, was born . . . and Margaret herself. Both Dr. and Mrs. McChesney lived to a ripe old age and Margaret knew them well and remembered them vividly.

Despite the difference in their ages, Amanda and Margaret were very close. It was from Amanda that Margaret and her brother Willie first heard of the ghost at Greenwood, and they were warned that they must never mention the story to anyone either in or out of the family as Dr. McChesney had strictly forbidden any discussion of it.

One evening when Margaret was "around 12 or 13", she and Willie were accompanying the doctor as he called on several patients. It was almost dusk as they drove by Thornrose and saw an eerie white figure jumping around on the edge of the cemetery. Margaret and Willie were terrified, but their grandfather stopped the buggy and fearlessly approached the weird object. In a few minutes they heard him shouting with laughter and calling to them to come see the ghost. With some misgivings they approached to find the doctor busily freeing a large ram which was caught in the fence.

This episode struck the usually humorless doctor as a very great joke and in high good glee he teased Margaret and Willie about their fear of a "ghost." He told them ghosts were just foolishness; and any time they were inclined to doubt this they should remember the ram.

Taking advantage of his buoyant mood, Margaret dared to ask him if the ghost at Greenwood had not been real? Many decades later, she still recalled with great clarity how her grandfather's mood instantly changed from joviality to cold anger. He told them that he had hoped never to hear this subject mentioned again and was distressed to know that word of it had come to their ears. However, he continued, since it was obvious that someone had disregarded his wishes and talked to them about it, he would tell them the story of what had occurred at Greenwood. They, in return, must give him their solemn promise never to refer to this matter again in his presence; and never, under any circumstances, to discuss it with anyone outside the family.

This, then, is the story that Margaret heard first from her Aunt Amanda, and then from her grandfather Dr. John McChesney.

She kept her promise to him for eighty years.

Several pieces of furniture and silver from Greenwood are in our home, including the "walking chair" which has shown no tendency to roam around.

Greenwood now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Smith; and as far as we know, nothing of a sinister or unexplained nature has happened there since Maria was sent "further south" almost a hundred and fifty years ago.

But the story of the McChesney ghost lives on.

Dr. John McChesney, his wife Jane, and the infant James are buried at Old Providence Presbyterian Church. Stones mark the graves of the doctor and his wife, but the baby's grave has no marker. It is, however, clearly defined: a small mound covered with a cairn of rocks through which a blackberry bush is growing.

Joseph Buchanan	388	" "	102
Robert Buchanan	722	Isaac Crabtree	50
James Bibber, Junr	28	Arthur Campbell	279
Joseph Bishop	351	John Crabtree	129
Michael Border	228	Conrad Carlock	168
Thomas Baker	328		
Henry Bowen	426	page 16	
Matthew Bishop	77	C	
Wm Brown	112	Andrew Cox	102
James Buck	96	Humburt Carlock	126
John Bradshaw	335	Arthur Campbell	1215
Nathaniel Bailey	46	Nicholas Clyne	414
Thomas Braman	123	Aaron Collier	45
John Blackmore	518	John Cox	144
John Boles	262	Alexander Campbell	173
Wm Bates	130	John Campbell	156
John Blackmore	200	William Campbell patent issued	
Joseph Blackmore	78		1345
Robt Buchanan	210	John Craw (Crow)	210
Wm Blackburn	220	David Campbell	141
George Baker	82	John Carmack	97
Isaac Baker	450	Zach Clemans	160
Richard Brindley	80	Wm Cocke	165
Saml Buchanan	87	Cornelius Carmack	100
Isaac Bledsoe	300	James Craig	480
Thomas Bright	96	Robert Canon	190
		John Canon	130
page 15		James Camnon	29
John Boyd	260	Jesse Cain	75
John Beater	290	John Carmack	470
Arthur Blackburn	130	William Crabtree	79
James Bryan	475	Joh Cockran	145
Anthony Bledsoe	740	George Clark	380
John Blackburn	78	John Carnes	108
John Berry	139	William Cox	220
Moses Buchanan	170	Alexander Colwell	112
Edward Bond	320	Edward Crow	299
George Beater	360	Thomas Crow	226
Joseph Beater	226	Joseph Cole, Junr	215
John Ball	74	Joseph Cole, Junr	221
John Bandy	73		
Jeremiah Barnett	256	page 17	
David Branham	260	C	
Adam Baugh	287	Joseph Cole Senr	278
Benwell Buckett	122	Robert Crow	241
		John Crank	116
C		Arthur Campbell	293
Charles Campbell	285	John Carter	92
Abraham Crabtree	104	Isaac Craemair	228
James Crabtree	373	David Cowan	264
Wm Crabtree	98	Samuel Cowan	284
John Craig	453	Deal Carter	96

Thomas Carter	197	Samuel Drake	95
John Corder	117	John Deskin	200
John Cruniston	198	Wm Davies	35
Samuel Cloyd	90	The Loyal Company	170
George Coon	130	Thomas Dunn	320
Andrew Crackett (Crockett)	350	James Davies Junr	140
Richard Chapman	125	Thomas Dunn	250
Joseph Clemens	26	" "	260
David Chapman	240		
David Crouch	80		10,747
John and James Craig	40		
John Craig	50	page 19	
John and James Craig	25	E	
" " "	27	William Elliott	270
John Cornshill	247	Abraham Ellis	82
		The Loyal Company	375
D		William Edmondsdon	;08
David Dryden	160	John Edmondston	345
Nathaniel Davis	160	Margret Elliot	430
Wm Davison	325	James Elliot	560
James Davison	90	Christopher Ellam	128
John Davies	275	William Ellis	200
Francis Delaney	155	Matthew Evans	197
John Danaho	254		
James Doram	268		
	5470	F	
		Jock Fields	47
page 18		James Findlay	310
D		Henry Francis	750
Francis Davis	280	Francis Farmer	160
Alexander Doram	105	Frederick Fryley	216
John Donoho	330	David Frazier	142
David Doach	442	James Fowler	113
John Devir	120	Matthew French	226
David Doach	265	Thomas Farley	355
John Davison	124		
Henry Dickason	148	G	
Adam Dean	63	David Guess	434
Joseph Doharty	176	Charles Gutliffe	106
Humphrey Dickason	310	Lewis Green	41
Archilous Dickason	310	Charles Gutliffe	123
Peter Dengin	78	Anna Grayson	22
Jeremiah Doaty	110		16487
William Davies	15		
Wm Davies	37	page 20	
Jeremiah Doaty	280	Anne Grayson	27
David Doaty	24	John Grayson	174
Michael Dougherty	280	Isaac Gray	20
William Dove	230	H	
James Davies	80	Francis Hynes	144

Henry Hamblin	310	M	
John Hays	227	William Miller	325
John Henry	167	Lemuel McQuin	140
Wm H boit	180	William Montgomery	Patent
Wm Herbert	50	ordered	115
" "	55	John McKemy	90
" "	45	Guard Manifee	150
John Hollis	330		
James Hogg	130	N	
James Hollis	165	James Newell	28
Amar Heyton	100	" "	84
Peter Harman	127	" "	92
George Hartman	120	" "	65
I and J			
Thomas Jones	100	page 22	
John Inglis	264	P	
James Johnson	99	William Preston	420
David Johnson	243	Abraham Price	260
Col Christian and William Inglis	55	Henry Patton	60
		Abraham Price	45
ditto	200	Henry Patton	136
ditto	250	William Phipps	190
ditto	140	Jeremiah Pearse	185
ditto	40	William Perevinia	340
ditto	204	Jeremiah Pearse	29
John Jenkins	166	John Phokinstate	50
page 21		R	
Samuel Ingram	210	Josiah Ramsay	510
Jonathan Jennings	355	Benjamin Ray	60
Col Christian and William Inglis	180	" "	70
K		S	
James King	132	John Stevens	550
Wm Kavenagh	90	Wm Sayers	190
Charles Kavenagh	40	Samuel Shannon	90
Charles Killigore	286	John Michael Shilling	160
Charles Kavenagh	170	James Sprowl	190
Robert Kurr	400	David Sayers	70
James Kerr	145	Mary Sayers	80
James King	185	James Skaggs	350
		David Sayers	230
L		T	
William Lastley	63	John Taylor	20
Andrew Lyda	195	Roger Topp	220
Joseph Lester	183	William Thompson	340
Robert Luckey	400	John Taylor	50
Charles Lynch	45		
Jacob Lorton	70		

page 23		C	
William Thompson	300	John Cox	188
Rodger Topp	390	Saml Campbell	160
" "	225	Wm Cox	242
		Joseph Cooperophar	240
V		E	
John Verdiman	28	Alexander Ewing	380
W		John Campbell	260
Samuel Woodpin	310	John Chapman	80
Joseph White	225	Joseph Crab	260
Adam Waggoner	209	John Craig	174
James Walker	324	Simian Cassedy	130
Peter Weytie	34	Richard Chapman	76
John Wahaven	210	Jeremiah Clench	80
Samuel Walker	44		
John Wiley Senr	12	D	
Adam Waggoner	140	John Donally	35
A		Isaac Daley	130
James Allison	359	Samuel Davis	364
Uriah Akens	333	William Davies	573
Samuel Adams	178	John Davison	250
Nicholas Alley	456	page 25	
B		Thomas Davies	492
James Boile	129	Francis Daugherty	66
William Bradshaw	230	Cornelius Deforrest	211
John Bailey	123	Richard Dodson	60
Isaac Burnes	300	Hellin Dunguir	354
James Burnvides	670	John Denton	154
Henry Baughman	287	Jacob Dobler	198
Hugh Bradshaw	37	Jonathan Dean	203
		" "	60
A		William Davis	156
William Allison	No. 3	Joseph Drake	326
Samuel Arshur	83	John Dispain	185
page 24		E	
B		William Ewing	214
Elisha Bedsolt	152	Archibald Ellkin	40
John Bishop	71	Ann Ewen	200
Samuel Benton	73	Jonathan Elwick	53
Jacob Blessing	440	Wallace Estill	29
Wm Bell	64	" "	72
James Blevim	150	John Elswick	79
John Bedsolt	187	F	
John Bayan	180	Charles Fallow	140
Charles Blackley	180	Josiah Fugit	76
Richard Burton	260	William Fowler	375
Elizabeth Boggs	60	Josiah Fugit	32
John Bradley	110		

John Fowler	152	J	
Akerliss Fanner	109	John Jikes	249
James Fullan	126	Hugh Johnson	341
		Stephen Jones	191
		K	
George Forbes	235	John King	450
		Jacob Kent	231
		Jacob Kinzer	454
G		Jacob Kiteer	559
John Gross	200	Charles King	177
Martha Gatliff	335	Joseph Kyler	108
		John Kelly	309
page 26		L	
Henry Gibson	60	William Langley	194
David Green	87	William Lachard	150
Abraham Good	106	Humbuson Lyon	348
John Gullivir	198	Jacob Lorton	58
John Grant	256	Wm Lesly	47
Squire Gatliff	43	Andrew Lockhart	125
Abraham Galbeath	255		
Milly Godacy	39	M	
		Robert McFarland	116
H		John Morrison	271
John Humphreys	134	Frederick Mare	312
James Hurt	147	Col Christian and Joseph	
Samuel Henks	52	Montgomery	140
David Henderson	278	David McCord	218
Elijah Hilton	195	Absolum Monroe	230
William Hata	60	Wm Maclin	151
John Hays	234	Elias Mackey	124
Charles Haze	93		
Charles Haze	54	page 28	
Wm Hays	224	Thomas Martin	337
John Hash	250	John Manner	110
Wm Hash	430	James McDonald	460
George Hyce	205	N	
Aaron Ham	261	Aishur Neal	44
John Hopton	279	Samuel Newberry	129
John Hankini	186	John Norris	131
Wm Herbert	213	F	
Richard Humphreys	404	John Frazier	180
John Henderson	90	Christ Funkhouse	160
Richard Higgins	119	Thomas Fayatt	140
Jeremiah Harrison	412	Nicholas Fain	230
David Herbert	218	John Fain	30
page 27		G	
John Hays	308	Robert Gamall	340
John Hammilton	165		
Conrad Hervinger	37		

Frederick Gobble	32	John Kirk	290
Henry Grymes	240	John Kelly	190
Michael Grigger	517	Thomas King and John Carp	
Archer Gelbreath	356	Junr	130
Moses Gordon	195		
John Gordon	270	page 30	
Martin Gash	195	George Keith	170
		Michael Kinfer	208
H		Walter Kerr	176
Henry Heskehode	114	William Kavanagh	70
Geroge Hatfield	120	John Kenworthy	90
Jeremiah Hatfield	140	Edward King	102
Wm Hustom	220	Jacob Kittering	100
Michael Hoffaker	100	John Kerr	255
Samuel Henry	204	L	
		Anthony Linder	79
John Holles	162	John Laughlin	270
Anthony Hood	210	John Lovelace	186
Wm Henderson	160	Alexander Laughlin	590
page 29		Peter Lee	230
Benjamin Hawkins	365	Benjamin Logan	250
Wm Hughes	220	Alexander Laughlin	395
George Henley	215	Daniel Linder	150
Saml Handley	209	W. T. Livingston	100
William Henly	227	" "	36
Loyal Company	140	" "	470
James Hollis	143	Richard Lynem	160
Wm Hanly Junr	283	Thomas Llowellen	115
Thomas Hamilton	521	Wm Lockhart	215
Robert Hueston	209	Wm Lester	250
Samuel Henderson	147	John Lesley	175
Lucas Hood	143	Wm Lewis	176
Thomas Hobb	68	Wm Leity	351
J		Clement Lee	130
John Johnson	230	Wm Landrith	263
John Jones	219	Andrew Leaper	270
Thomas Jones	290	Abine Lester	73
John Irvine	196	Robert Lawrence	206
Joshua Jones	273	page 31	
William Jones	58	Andrew Lamie	92
Patrick Johnson	600	" "	110
Masse Johnson	50	Francis Long	140
K		Wm Larnie	250
Andrew Kincannon	200	Andrew Lamie	28
Moses Keywood	180	Griffth Lewis	192
Step Keywood	50	Wm Lewis	204
Francis Kincannon Junr	83	Wm Lacey	64
Francis Kincannon	546	" "	132
		Gedian Lewis	197

M		William Moore	493
Andrew Martin	110	Joseph Moore	334
Elijah Marre	400	Abraham McClelland	343
Wm Montgomery	224	Samuel McAdams	147
Daniel McCormick	330	James Moore	92
Colin McKenny	103	Samuel McAddams	225
Benjamin Maiden	90	page 33	
Daniel Miller	340	N	
John McHenry	98	John Newell	170
Jacob Mungla	86	John Nicholas (Kinney)	105
Hall McClura	208		
Thomas McNeal	125	O	
Daniel Mungla	90	Michael Oxer	218
Richard Moore	390	Stephen Osborn	170
Thomas McCullagh	290	Jonathan Osborn	132
Archibald McNeil	191	James Ogle	78
William McGaughy	335	Col Christian and Roger Oats	510
George Maxwell	113	Ephraim Osborn	260
Daniel Miller	340	Henry Ohana	95
Karper Mansker	190		
Dysart and Miller	200	P	
David MacKim	45	David Phillips	155
		Hugh Patrick	140
page 32		Jeremiah Patrick	112
William McMullin	???	Robert Pastor	544
Moses Moore	370	Jeremiah Patrick now	
Isaac Mayfield	59	Wm Scruggs	23
William Meek	82	George Pembleton	440
John McNutt	303	George Pearis	95
		Thomas Phliping	80
Thomas Mitchell	426	John Payton	126
John Messersmith	239	James Patton	340
Jacob Myers	126	Robert Preston	315
John McGriff	380	John Pickrell	138
" "	24	Robert Preston	154
George Meanard	68	William Porter	200
William McEnery	285	Edward Phasey	115
John Mealey	104	John Parker	322
David Maxwell	120	William Patterson	143
William McElany	252	John Payne	40
Henry McGuffy	446	Patrick Porter	214
David Miller	425		
Alexander McClure	570	page 34	
Thomas Morgan	119	Philip Phillips	120
		R	
C		Benjamin Rutherford	247
Loyal Company	127	James Rodgers	42
		Thomas Rodgers	430
M		William Robinson	254
Mathias Mounts	365	Ben Rodgers	107
" "	243		

John Rutherford	118	Thomas Potter	144
Thomas Rodgers	499	Rouse Potter	151
Michael Risener	161		
William Robertson	617	William Phillips	201
Samuel Ritchie	111	Henry Pritta	142
		John Patterson	145
S		Robert Patterson	170
Michael Stuffy	212	James Phillips	200
Robert Shannon	258	Wm Pauatt	300
Abraham Stally	152	George Portla	170
Alexander Sutor	210	Lewis Petty	154
James Scaggs	145	David Poiry	212
John Smith	224		
Uriah Stone	127	page 36	
" "	237	R	
Henry Smith	464	Archibald Russel	58
Daniel Smith	673	Benjamin Roberts	72
Richard Stanton	73	Abel Richeson	309
		Justice Reynolds	123
T		Nathan Richeson	122
William Thompson	195	James Roark	63
William Trimble	113	John Roark	93
William Thompson	229	Nathan Read	63
John Thomas	404	George Riddle	310
		Thomas Rafferty	535
V		John Robinson	220
John Vails	144	John Robinson	180
Andrew Vants (Vance)	364	John Reiley	120
		Robert Reagh	150
page 35		John Ruddock	180
W		Timothy Roark	110
Nathan Watson	280	George Reaves	384
James Wharton	218	Darwell Rogers	296
John William	270	Wm Ruddick	190
" "	279	Wm Richeson	157
James Wilson	253	John Rowland	134
John Walker	94	" "	142
Adam Walker	290	John Rico	100
John Wiley	234	John Richeson	120
Alexander Wiley	235	Francis Rowan	158
		William Roberts	230
N			
Isaac Nowland	175	S	
Samuel Newell	69	Barney M. Smith	350
Abraham Newland	175	Joel Sartain	114
Shadack Newton	133	Conrod Shepton	130
		John Shepherd	30
O			
John Owen	104	page 37	
		Richard Smith	224
P		Samuel Shannon	465
Edward Perrygay	187	Esther Scaggs	40

John Spratt	232	John Vaught	398
David Syos (?) Syce - Sykes?	38	Alexander Vance	192
Isaac Spratt	264	William Vaughan	80
Andrew Sted	85		
Samuel Scott	40	W	
Thomas Stern	238	James Ward	211
Frederick Stern	176	James Wallin	180
" "	176	James Ward	70
Samuel Scott	94	Nathan Ward	160
Michael Stump	197	Michael Weaver	376
Jacob Smilyer	139	Michael Wampter	116
John Scott	163		
Francis Scott	252	page 39	
John Sweri	200	Samuel Woodpin	130
Samuel Simpson	140	Zachariah Wills	52
David Snodgrass	690	Robert Willey	80
Wm Samfiles	85	Benjamin Watson	184
Jonas Smith	270	Michael Walter	160
Robert Snodgrass	200	Wills Ward	196
James Sprant	220		
Thomas Sharp	580	Francis Whitney	220
James Steel	342	Robert Williams	125
George Steel	94	John Walker	98
Robert Steel	386	Jonathan Wood	160
Joseph Snodgrass	390	Jonath Wood	185
David Steel	290	William Williams	280
		Michael Wampton	270
page 38		Samuel White	45
T		John Waghill	91
Robert Trimble	220	Richard Whitt	205
Robert Tate	174	William Whitley	142
John Tate	145	Henry Waggoner	87
Henry Twiney	340	John Williams	134
George Tutor	60	Thomas Westrey	612
Roger Topp	400	Henry Waggoner	476
James Thompson	190	" "	91
Alexander Thompson	190		
Jacob Tobler	79	C	
Reuben Thomas	100	Loyal Company	52
James Trueman	69		
Edmund Trueman	104	Y	
John Taylor	90	Ezekiel Young	84
Stephen Trigg	73		
Mary Thompson	100	No 5	
		A	
U		Samuel Adams	135
Joseph Underwood	203	David Adams	56
" "	274		
		B	
V		John Brenton	45
Henry Vice	329	Richard Becket	160

page 40		Jonathan Graham	390
B		Thomas Griffith	130
William Bell	90	Dennis Gitty	314
		Thomas Goodson	481
C			
Simon Casherty	155	H	
John Caperton	98	James Harbison	73
Alexander Clark	235	Benjamin Howell	85
John Cantley	500	James Hanley	200
Samuel Caldwell	265	John Henderson	195
Valentine Cook	650	John Hungate	420
James Campbell	280	Evan Harry	225
Adam Caperton	263	John Hale	100
James Curry	178	Charles Hungate	260
Stephen Cook	150	William Hutchinson	500
Olive and Elizabeth Clair	97	William Holly	329
William Curry	224	John Herbison	45
		Benjamin Howell	354
D		George Harristone	200
Henry Daweese	145	Arthur Handley	550
Griffith Dickenson	710	William Hamm	90
" "	700	John Handley	284
Cornelius Doories	118	James Henderson	413
E		page 42	
Wallace Estill	190	Joshua Howell	356
James Estill	700	Arthur Herbison	67
I		J	
William Inglis	130	John Jones	79
		James Jading	215
E		Seth Johnston	236
Charles English	186	John Jackson	177
" "	27		
Robert Estill	800		
James Ellison	82	K	
John Estill	125	William Kenny	242
Francis Eason	182	Arthur Kyle	200
Bond Estill	363	William Kerr	85
		John Kincade	168
F		Edward Keenon	140
Abraham Friend	95		
		L	
page 41		William Lyeance	112
David Frame	235	Andrew Lykins	181
David Fraser	135	Steel Lafferty	567
James Fitzpatrick	187	William Lafferty	244
		Benjamin Light	114
G			
John Geneson	50		
Jacob Graham	390	M	
George Griffith	245	James McCann	112

Robert McAfee	99	James Turmon	128
John McCann	38	James Terry	300
Robert McAfee	49	James Turmon	477
Christopher Martin	115	" "	357
William McAfee	95	W	
Joshua Morris	197	Edward Wyatt	141
William Meek	395	Samuel West	215
William McGuire	58	Glass and Wright	260
Cornelius McGuire	310	Isaiah Willis	234
Joseph Mays	230	James Wright	232
page 43		L	
Samuel McChesney	317	John Lewis and Company	
Cornelius McGuire	53	#2	250
O		#3	215
Herculus Ogle	370	#4	350
P		#5	75
Elisha Pepper	115	#6	190
George Patterson	249	#7	86
Edward Parsons	170	#8	110
John Plumley	140	#9	155
John Patterson	128	#10	69
R		#11	48
John Robinson	125	#12	135
Jacob Rife	131	#13	350
Benjamin Richardson	183	#14	345
" "	147	#15	140
Richard Ranish	380	#16	120
(not to be delivered without		#17	190
Doct Walkers order)		#18	329
James Richardson	220	#19	80
John Rentfro	485	#20	290 (page 45)
Richard Reynolds	187	#21	190
Christopher Richards	46	#22	120
Michael Raney	120	#23	430
S		#24	328
James Smith	122	#25	357
Thomas Scott	295	#26	300
John Spinlock	121	#27	230
Charles Simmons	110	#28	411
Timothy Sullivan	171	#29	380
James Simpson	316	#30	190
George Smith	130	#31	100
Michael Shirley	527	#32	
T		#33	170
Jeremiah Tilford	58	#34	140
William Thompson	105	#35	50
page 44		#36	210
William Terry	172	#37	40
		#38	300

#39	107	#87	140
#40	190	#88	120
#41	125	#89	280
#42	328	#90	190
#43	225	#91	109
#44	76	#92	19
#45	118	#93	330
#46	175	#94	182
#47	95	#95	100
#48	200	#96	145
		#97	667
page 46, John Lewis & Co contd		A No 1 Nicholas Ally	456
#49	30	D No 1 Cornelius Doover	230
#50	97		
#51	150	page 48	
#52	150	May 4, 1783	
#53	100	This day the preceding	
#54	116	Surveys were lodged in the Land	
#55	150	Office by Thomas Walker Esquire	
#56	135	agent for the Loyal Company, who	
#57	64	on the same date passed his Bond	
#58	380	to me for the payment of my Fees,	
#59	490	at the same rate as they stand ex-	
#60	216	tended against each respective Sur-	
#61	130	vey, the Grants cannot issue till the	
#62	67	Composition money is paid into the	
#63	100	Treasury	
#64	130	John Harvie Re L. Off	
#65	140	In 1783 Grant Fees paid on Loyal	
#66	210	Compy Surveys L523.8.31½	
#67	90	Ditto on Greenbrier 183.1813	
#68	200	August 1791	
#69	76	Composition paid on Loyal	
#70	154	Compy	600
#71	113	Ditto on Greenbrier	417
#72	110	Total L1724.6.61½	
#73	70		
#74	46	The Honble Edmd Pendleton	
#75	64	Sir The above is a statement	
#76	44	of the Grant fees and Compo. that	
page 47, John Lewis & Co continued		was paid on the Loyal and Green-	
#77	80	brier Companys Surveys, as appears	
#78	120	from the List of Surveys in this	
#79	150	Office, and the Books of the Audi-	
#80	53	tors Office	
#81	50	I am Sir with much respect yr	
#82	84	Obt Sert	
#83	38	W. Price	
#84	100	Land Office	
#85	100	Novr 17, 1795	
#86	190		

EXHIBIT

We the Subscribers being each for himself a purchaser of land under the Loyall Company Grant, Do hereby certify That we are not only willing but desirous and fully content to hold the same on the moderate Terms of three pounds per hundred acres, agreeable to our original contract with Thomas Walker Esquire Agent for said Company, especially as his conduct towards the settlers has been just and uniform; rather than pay a higher price or come under any new agreement or regulation respecting said lands, which have been generally surveyed to our liking and we are in possession thereof, some for a great many years past. We further Certify that we do not know or believe that the above terms have been any hindrance or obstruction to the settlement of the country, but the reverse which is manifest from the great increase of inhabitants on the Western Waters since the year 1765, although in that time they have been frequently harrassed by, and several times at war with the neighbouring Nations of Indians; and thereby exposed to great trouble, loss and danger. We therefore hope that our titles will be made and that we may without further trouble be secure in the quiet possession of our lands, from whence we have drawn support for our families by our labour and industry, and very often at the risk of our Lives—This as subjects of the state we think ourselves justly entitled to, and the rather as it is our own earnest request.

William Madison
James Shelby
Hugh Crockett
Saml Borton
Saml Woods
John Cotten
William Dougherty
Thomas Ally
Frederick Smith

James Simpson
Charles Buck
Charles Mcfadion
Thomas Martin
Phillip Barriger
John Black
Edwerd North
John Craig
John Milsted

(2 German names)
Joseph Meredith
Robert Grissom
Samuel Meredith
Benjamin Thomas
John Pryor
William Pryer
William Pryer Senr

Robert Floyd
Henry Hoy
Henry Smith
Peter Reynolds
Isaac Hatfield
Peter Bonner
Paulser Lybrook
Henry Lybrook
Philip Lybrook
Christian Snidowe
Robt Elliott
Peter Broock
Peter Stephens
Lawrence Stephens
Albertus Brite
Isaac Stephens
Matthew Smith
Walter Davidson
Willie Butter
Wooldrich Taylor
John Clifton
George Walter
Joseph Arthur Jr
John howerton
Aron Scaggs
Archible Scaggs
Samuel Arthur
Samuel Meradeth

Con: Dougherty
Solemon Aker
Geo Martain

John Pate
Faulkner Elliott
Will: Webb
John Londen
John Draper
Robert Sayres
William Newell
John Brown
Halbert Allison
Thomas Alford
Silas Davidson
Michael Dougherty
Johnathan Martin
George Dougherty
William Commick
James Smith
George Hoyland
John T. Sayres
Wm Sayres
David Sayres
James Crockett
Andrew Crockett
John Burk
William Simpson
Robert Simpson
(over)
Bryan McDonald
Edward Blane
John Yung
Hezekiah Philipe
David Price
John Lulas
Thomas Reynolds
Martin Harles
Charles Lucas
Charles Lucas
Parker Adkins
Millilan Adkins
Wm Lucas
George Fry Sr
George Fry Junr
John Certain
John Certain Junr
Joel Certain
Richard Chapmen
Johnathan Davis
Andrew Hatfield

Parker Lucas
Hezekiah Adkins
Thomas Thale
Simon Cassady
Thomas Cassady
Michael Madden
Edward Hale
Philip Snidowe
David Miller
John Barrigor
Casper Barrigor
Theophilus Snidowe
Blackburn Aberd
John Arthur
James Nicholas
James Robertson
John Montgomery Sr
James Barnett
Johnathan Elswick
John Ward
William Dooock
Michiel Preis
Jacob Shell senr
Howard Haven
Benjamin Castle
Joseph Dougherty
Peter Plankesiger
David Harmon
John Miller
Robert McGee
John McDonald
James Bane, Jr
Robert Montgomery
Adam Walker
J. Buchana
William Buchanan
David Dooock
James Stuveant
Joseph McDonald
John Shell
David Frasure
John Price
George Price
Alexander Prise
Richard Pryor
Edward Vancel
John Boyd
James McDonald
John Ewing
William Montgomery
Abraham Trigg

John Britton
George Ewing
Saml Doock

Thomas Burk
Jacob Shell Junr

(The date of this list is not given, but assume it to be 1779-1783.)

Fifth of a Series

OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

"WHEATLANDS"

The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr.

by Gladys B. Clem

When one crosses over the stile at "Wheatlands," guarded by its cast iron groom, (the less agile use the entrance gate) it is comparable to stepping into a living picture of the past. The turmoil and rush of the present are forgotten in the calm and quiet charm that envelops this lovely old dwelling, the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr.

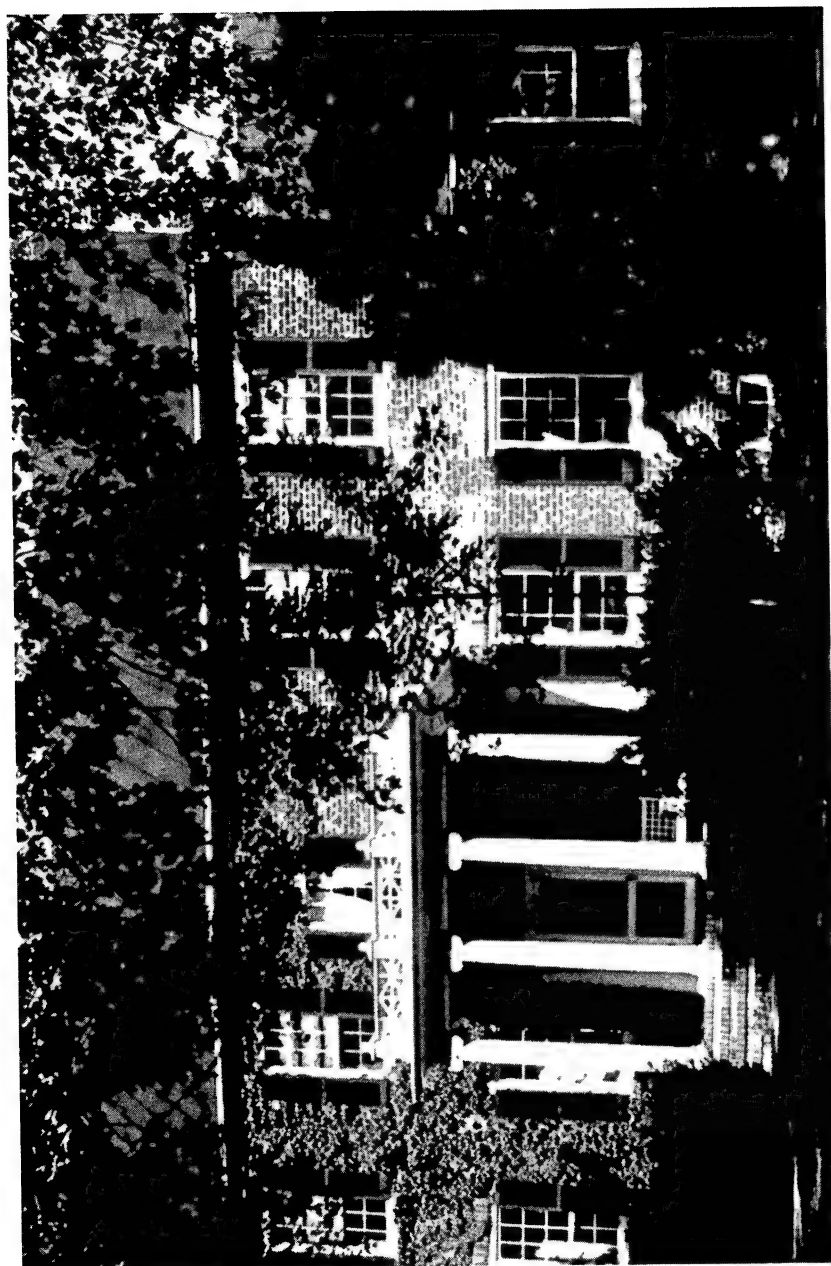
It tops a gentle knoll just east of Swoope, on one of the roadways (#876) that winds between the gently rolling hills of western Augusta County.

Built by George Washington Swoope, the son of Jacob Swoope, who had come to Staunton from Philadelphia in 1789 to become one of the community's influential leaders and large landowners, it was occupied by the family for several generations. The area became known as Swoope's Landing, later to be called Swoope's Depot. The property went out of the family ownership when it was purchased by Claibourne Rice Mason just prior to the Civil War. Following the war and a succession of owners, it was purchased by Mr. H. B. Sproul in 1906. By inheritance the estate then passed to his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr., its present owner.

The solid construction of the dwelling is indicative of the enduring craftsmanship in practice when it was built, over a century and a half ago.

Consisting of three stories and a roomy basement, its thick walls point to an extraordinary feat of brick laying as they taper from eighteen inches of thickness at the foundation to eight inches at the attic level. The massive hand hewn cross beam, measuring some forty-five feet, extends the length of the attic. It leaves one wondering how such a large timber could be lifted to that height without modern equipment. All joists and cross beams are secured by wooden pegs, a method in popular use at that time.

The wide central hall, with its graceful stairway broken by broad landings, is made even more distinctive by the unusual



"Wheatlands." The home of Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Bush, Jr.
(Photo by William H. Bushman)

Index to Augusta Historical Bulletin

Vol. 1 (1965) — Vol. 6 (1970)

—A—

- ALBEMARLE COUNTY.
Address by Mr. Bernard P. Chamberlin Vol. 6—No. 1
AUGUSTA COUNTY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.
By Dr. Marshall M. Brice Vol. 1—No. 2
AUGUSTA COUNTY'S PIONEER MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.
By James Sprunt Vol. 6—No. 2
AUGUSTA COUNTY'S RELATION TO THE REVOLUTION
By Dr. Howard M. Wilson Vol. 2—No. 1

—B—

- BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.
By Marshall Moore Brice Vol. 6—No. 2
BELL, DR. RICHARD P. III.
A Memorial by Dr. Marshall M. Brice Vol. 5—No. 2

—C—

- COALTER, JOHN, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT IN VIRGINIA.
Vol. 4—No. 2
COALTER, JUDGE.
By his daughter, Elizabeth Tucker Bryan Vol. 4—No. 2
CURRY, CHARLES—Letter to Armistead C. Gordon. Vol. 5—No. 2

—D—

- THE "DUMB DUTCH" OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.
By John Stewart Vol. 3—No. 1

—F—

- FOREWORDS—Dr. Richard P. Bell III Vol. 1—No. 1
Dr. Herbert S. Turner Vol. 2—No. 1

—H—

- HUMPHREYS, DR. ALEXANDER, M.D.
By Dr. Richard P. Bell, Sr. Vol. 3—No. 2

—I—

- INDIANS & INDIAN RELICS IN AUGUSTA COUNTY.
By Col. Howard A. MacCord Vol. 2—No. 2

—J—

- JACKSON & LEE. By Dr. Marshall M. Brice Vol. 4—No. 1

—L—

- LEE & JACKSON.
By Dr. Marshall M. Brice Vol. 2—No. 1
LEWIS, JOHN — FOUNDER & PATRIOT.
By Irvin Frazier Vol. 3—No. 2
LEWIS, JOHN. Report of John Lewis Committee.
By Ronald Steffey, Chairman Vol. 5—No. 2

LOYAL LAND COMPANY. By Katherine Bushman Vol. 6—No. 2
 THE McCHESNEY GHOST. By Elizabeth G. Sterrett Vol. 6—No. 2

—O—

OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, LANDMARK PROJECT.
 Illustrated lecture by Mrs. William Bushman
 and Jos. B. Yount III, Co-Chairmen Vol. 5—No. 2

OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY SERIES.
 By Gladys Clem. IV. "Gray Gables" Vol. 6—No. 1
 By Gladys Clem. I. "Walnut Grove" Vol. 4—No. 2
 By Gladys Clem. V. "Wheatlands" Vol. 6—No. 2
 By Gladys Clem. II. "Willie's Ford," now "Spring Hill Farm" Vol. 5—No. 1

By Gladys Clem. III. "Spring Farm" Vol. 5—No. 2
 OLD TIME LIFE IN AUGUSTA COUNTY.
 Reprint from *Staunton Vindicator* Vol. 6—No. 1

—P—

PATTON, JAMES—A Forgotten Colonial Patriot.
 By Dr. Howard M. Wilson Vol. 4—No. 1
 PORTERFIELD, THE BROTHERS.
 By Dr. Richard P. Bell III Vol. 5—No. 1
 THE PRICELESS HERITAGE.
 By Gen. Archibald A. Sproul Vol. 3—No. 2

—R—

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGUSTA COUNTY.
 By William Purviance Tams, jr. Vol. 1—No. 1

—S—

STAUNTON FEMALE ACADEMY.
 Newspaper clipping, from Jefferson Mos. Vol. 5—No. 1
 STAUNTON LADIES, WHAT THEY COOKED IN 1891.
 By Mary B. Armistead Vol. 5—No. 2
 STORY BEHIND THE STONE. By James Sprunt Vol. 6—No. 1
 STRIBLING, DR. FRANCIS TALIAFERRO.
 By Dr. James H. Druff Vol. 2—No. 2
 STUART HALL.
 By Miss Martha Dabney Jones, Headmistress Vol. 5—No. 1
 STUART, JUDGE ARCHIBALD.
 By Archibald G. Robertson Vol. 4—No. 2

—T—

THOMAS JEFFERSON & THE LADIES
 By James A. Bear, Jr. Vol. 6—No. 2

—W—

WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE.
 By Martha Peyton Hamrick Vol. 6—No. 1
 WILSON, WOODROW—STAUNTON'S FAVORITE SON.
 By Robt. W. Jones Vol. 4—No. 1

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chair rail that parallels the banister in both shape and line. The stairway, continuous in design, extends to the attic. A small door, just beneath the first floor stair, indicates the builder possessed a sweet tooth — it opens into the jelly closet.

In all of the rooms four foot fireplaces, each with its simple but harmonious mantle, guaranteed sufficient warmth to those early owners as well as a definite pleasure to the present ones. In the cavernous depths of one chimney five flues lead into as many fireplaces.

The brass and cast iron fittings of the crusader doors, installed when the house was built, are still in use today. The fifteen paned windows, set deeply in their panelled embrasures, are unusual in that the smaller division of six is in the lower sash. Many are original panes, appearing as wavy and iridescent as if fresh from the hand of some early glassmaker.

When C. R. Mason purchased "Wheatlands" from the Swoope heirs, it came into its most colorful and dramatic period. It was probably during his ownership that various structural differences were made to coincide with changes in the roadway, the south entrance becoming the present front of the house. Lines on the brick of the former entrance plainly show the mark of tall columns and a leaded glass fanlight, unique in its design, appears to have provided light for the original front door. Marked on a brick close to the eaves of this original entrance are the numerals "1813".

Claibourne Rice Mason was a pioneer railroad contractor, a man of many facets and one of the unique personalities of his time.

The son of Peter Mason, a Baptist minister and the father of three motherless children, his schooling had started when he was eight. After only a few days attendance, the teacher had punished him severely for some minor infraction of the rules. When he reached home, thinking to receive sympathy from his family, his father repeated the punishment. The next morning, smarting from injustice as well as from pain, he left the house early. Instead of going to school he went to the city wagon yard—a place much more to his liking as he had an inordinate love for horses. During the confusion and excitement of loading a wagon train bound for Washington, the small boy climbed in one of the wagons and hid beneath its canvas cover. He was not discovered until late that day — much too distant for the men to return. Taken to a lodging house frequented by

the teamsters, he was put in the care of the landlady until a return load would be leaving for Richmond. Young Mason never waited. He climbed into one going to Pennsylvania instead.

This brief bit of schooling was all he ever had. He never learned to either read or write, beyond signing his name. He never contacted his family until he reached manhood. When he did return to Richmond, years later, he found his father had died, his brother's whereabouts unknown and only his sister living.

In his youth he had tried various ways of making a living, but eventually turned his full attention to railroad contracting, a rapidly expanding field of that day.

In spite of his lack of education, Mason possessed an uncanny understanding of mathematical calculation, besides richly endowed mentally. It is said he could walk or ride over a line of survey and in a few moments of contemplation accurately determine both time and cost to complete the job.

As contractor for most of Virginia's railroad construction, he moved with the work. When the Louisa Railroad was further developed into the Virginia Central (later to become the C. and O.) reaching Staunton in 1854, Mason came with it to Augusta County. Until this time he had never had a fixed residence until he purchased "Wheatlands," where he resided the remainder of his life.

By 1860 he had amassed a fortune of over a million dollars, losing all of it in the Civil War.

He had entered the service with the rank of Captain, but General "Stonewall" Jackson, aware of Mason's unusual talents attached him to his own person as a road and bridge constructor, with the commission of Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers.

One night, so it is said, Jackson found he had to hurriedly move his army over mountain terrain with enemy forces camping close by the only trail. Jackson had two hundred valuable mules in his train, which he was afraid might bray while passing the enemy's camp. The General sought the advice of the ingenious Lieut. Col. Mason. "Just get me some good stout string, General," was his only request. When delivered, Mason tied each mule's tail down securely. Starting a horse as leader, the mules followed docile — and brayless — along the dangerous trail. Later Jackson asked Mason his secret.

"General," he is said to have replied, "don't you know that a mule never brays until he first lifts his tail?"

Near the end of the war, General Fitzhugh Lee and his staff wintered at "Wheatlands." It is easy to imagine the comfort and warmth of the great open fireplaces, with their backlogs snapping cheerfully, that was so welcome to these hard pressed men. With Sheridan's destructive march through the Valley, both the barns and the mill at "Wheatlands" were put to the torch, the foundation stones of their sites still visible. After the war the dwelling deteriorated under a succession of owners and disinterested renters.

Since coming into their possession, Mr. and Mrs. Bush have, with thorough understanding and keen attention to detail, restored the gracious old homestead. Deep shadows cast by the fine old trees help create a picture of undisturbed tranquility, so characteristic of the Valley in "the days before the war."

Augusta County Court Proceedings

OVER 200 YEARS AGO

An advertisement.

Run away from the subscriber living in Augusta County on the 16th of this instant a servant man named William Batchford about 30 years of age about 5 ft. 2 inches high with short hair of a dark brown and his beard of a sandy color and a dimple in his left cheek, is pretty talkative and speaks with a tone and can speak Dutch tolerable well. Had on when he went away an old felt hat and an old brown coat with brown lining with the fore skirt partly torn away, a linsey ace(?) coat wanting sleeves, a shirt of an even ———, not whitened, old trowsers and new shoes tied with thongs. Whoever takes and holds this servant so that his master may have him again shall receive two pistoles reward and a reasonable charge paid by me. William Lusk, September 15, 1755.

James McDonald alias John Dolphin, brought to the bar under the hand of J. Matthews, Gent. on suspicion of breaking into the home of Reid Price and taking from him 1 broadcloth coat and 1 shirt and sundry other goods. Court is of the opinion he is guilty as charged. Sent to the jail in Williamsburg for further trial.

Called Court on James Cachill. Not guilty of picking pockets. Was disorderly and to receive 10 lashes.

Complaint of Elinor Dunn — James Stewart to be summoned to show cause why he does not teach his apprentice, Walter Dunn, his trade and cloathe and provide for him according to the law.

Margaret Woods vs. Thomas Loyd. Sheriff attached 1 bottle rhubarb, 14 boxes Locklers' pills, 3 bottles Daffy's Elixir, some spirits of hartshorn, 2 papers of senna, 1 paper black brimstone, 1 galley pot and vial.

Lewis Womanstaff, age 4 years, is bound to Ludwig Wagoner. His father has run away.

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